

THE LONDON MERCURY

Edited by J. C. SQUIRE

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Editor—J. C. SQUIRE

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EDITORIAL NOTES

ARTHUR BINGHAM WALKLEY, for many years dramatic critic of the *Times*, died on October 9th, aged seventy. Mr. Walkley, who had latterly been living at Brightlingsea, had been ill for some months. Until nearly the end he kept up his delightful weekly essays for the *Times*, but he had been for some time unable to attend the theatres.



HE was born at Bristol in 1855, and educated at Balliol and Corpus, Oxford. At twenty-one he entered the secretary's office of the G.P.O. He was Assistant-Secretary from 1911-1919, and was secretary of delegation or delegate at several international congresses. There is no doubt at all that, had he chosen to confine himself to a strictly official career, he could have gone further in the Civil Service hierarchy than he did: he was sensible and orderly as well as able and quick-witted, and he had a remarkable gift for languages which served him well. But he was the last man to seek or find the whole of life at an office desk and he had not been long in the service before he took to dramatic criticism, "doing" the dramatic work for the *Star* when Mr. Bernard Shaw was its musical critic. This episode led to a characteristic piece of high spirits on Walkley's part which an obituary writer dug up. Mr. Shaw wrote as "Corno di Bassetto": Walkley, deputising for him one day, signed himself "Bono di Corsetto." Such vivacities were scattered over his writings and speeches until the end. A tidy little man, with monocle, moustache, and large imperial, he had something Gallic about him, by nature as well as by

intention : and he seemed to have been fixed in the nineties. Age did not wither him ; his gaiety remained unimpaired ; he refused to take anything too seriously. Everything he wrote or said was characteristic : his style remained easy and individual though it was careful ; his occasional public speeches were as deft as his essays, though his weak voice prevented some of his audiences from realising it. He was an admirable diner-out, and very popular at the Athenæum and Garrick Clubs, where he will be much missed.

HIS biographers in the press have said much about his tastes and his wit. The last was delightful ; no man could deliver a stab with so debonair a gesture, gracefully giving a bad play a poisoned arrow as a parting present. His single word review of a play called *A Dreadful Evening* has been quoted. We remember vividly the ironical notice of a revival of *Romeo and Juliet* in which a beautiful but too ambitious actress played Juliet : " Miss — made an exquisite corpse : the rest of her performance was not up to this level "—or words to that effect. His tastes are sufficiently indicated when one suggests that in the theatre he liked the French dramatists of the Victorian era, expert, artificial, essentially " of the theatre " ; and that his particular worship outside the drama was reserved for Dr. Johnson, Jane Austen, Stendhal and Marcel Proust ; Aristotle and Croce flitting about the background as theorists. Prose rather than poetry had his affection ; manners rather than morals held his interest ; the violence of great passion was alien to him ; an age which held Richardson and Mariaux, Johnson, Goldsmith, Voltaire and Beaumarchais would have ministered completely to his tastes. The very titles of his books—*Prejudice, Frames of Mind, Pastiche and Prejudice* indicate his sedulous levity and confessed impressionism : he dogmatised very little about the theatre, admittedly went there in the hope of having his intellect titillated, his risibility lightly roused, his taste pleased with agreeable artifice. He was at his best, in a general way, on comedy, and on very bad plays ; and he was a much acuter critic of acting than he was of the technique of the drama, even of the kind of drama which appealed to him.

IN some ways—apart from his great merits as essayist and wit to whom plays were pegs—he was a salutary influence. His refusal to be bored or to be impressed by mere solemnity as well as his long historic view over the fads and follies of mankind, prevented him from falling a victim to " the latest thing " merely because it was " the latest thing." The theatre, and especially the theatre of our own sensationalist age, is particularly prone to " stunts " and to the mistaking of a new kind of exaggeration or a new

trick of technique for signs of greatness. Walkley scarcely ever lapsed into the fashionable ; if anything he kept his balance too much : one rather felt that if a new Sophocles had turned up one evening Mr. Walkley, benevolently scrutinizing him with his eyeglass, would have taken the attitude : " well, what has our intelligent young Mr. Sophocles to say about it," and perhaps have concluded by saying that Mr. Sophocles had the charming seriousness of youth. He confessed quite frankly in private (perhaps overstating the deficiency) to a complete lack of ear or liking for verse ; he was cold even about Shakespeare ; and if " preaching " in the play was the most distasteful thing of all to him, it is not certain that an unpropagandist effort to state the truth was entirely agreeable to him. He looked in the theatre for a pleasant extract from life, served with condiments, and served gracefully. He hated the clumsy ; but he was never entirely at home with the solid.

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IN so far as he paid too little attention to the art of play-construction as such, and was consequently without that gift of easy technical reference that can so rapidly throw illumination on the merits or defects of a play, he shared a deficiency common to most English dramatic critics, and particularly to the most sensitive and intelligent ones. There has been remarkably little hard thinking in this country about the canons of the dramatic art ; there have been popular and worthless farce-writers whom experience and practice have taught far more about the drama than many enthusiastic and intelligent apostles of the theatre have ever understood : the normal English conception of a dramatic notice is a summary of the plot, a statement that all the actors were excellent, and a remark to the effect that the play is good, bad, or mediocre, and that the audience was enthusiastic, friendly, lukewarm, or hostile.

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TO some extent this must be true in a country where people chiefly read morning-after notices and the centre of gravity of dramatic criticism lies in the daily press. Half the most competent and interested critics in London are compelled, as Walkley was compelled, to rush to their offices after a theatre and scribble for dear life whilst the machines are waiting. Some are able, as Walkley was preeminently able, to conceal their effort and produce elegant notices which suggest leisurely composition : others are almost frenzied in their scrappiness, and seem only to start thinking after they have finished writing. But every artist must work within his limitations. If time severely cramp the daily dramatic critic he has to do his best nevertheless ; and though, under such severe

restrictions, it would be absurd to hope that even the best of our critics should be as thorough and well-proportioned as they might be, were they given an extra hour, persons interested in the theatre would welcome a rather larger infusion of technical criticism. A wider study of this aspect of the matter might, incidentally, assist many would-be dramatists of intelligence to avoid elementary mistakes, and preserve the public from a large number of impressive-looking plays which no so-called "literary" qualities can save in the theatre.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

THE Film Society hopes to open its second season, by courtesy of the management, at the New Gallery Kinema, on November 7th, the programme including, somewhat familiarly, the Mating Dance of the Argus Pheasant and Sharp-tailed Grouse, and *One A.M.*, an early Mutual film, in most of which Charlie Chaplin appears alone. The main feature of the programme, however, is *The Hands of Orlac*, a film which has been available for sale in England for some time, and has been shown successfully throughout Europe. Other films to be shown will include colour experiments and it is hoped, on November 21st, to show *The Joyless Street*, a film with Greta Garbo, for which members' votes came to 206 as opposed to 72 against.

PETER DAVIES, publisher, of 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, has issued Voltaire's *Letters concerning the English Nation*, with an introduction by Charles Whibley, price 15s. Also published at the end of October was *Vivian Grey*, the first volume of a new and sumptuous edition of the novels and tales of Disraeli, to be called the Bradenham Edition. The volumes cost half a guinea, or six guineas the set, and *Vivian Grey* forms a handsome thick volume of closely printed but perfectly legible pages. Whether this new format will do anything to disarm the unaccountable prejudice of the public against Disraeli's works may be doubted; the vignettes on cover and spine are hardly successful in their brightening. The twelve volumes have each an introduction by Philip Guedalla.

THE same publisher is also issuing reprints of Epicurus' *Morals*, and the *Odes* of Horace; even the newest firm, Gerald Howe, of Soho Square, has sought to disclaim originality by an edition, printed at the Curwen Press, of 29 of Anacreon's *Odes*. However, among this publisher's more interesting books are a collection of *Old English Songs* (10s. 6d.) chosen by A. C. Harradine with the music arranged by Norman Suckling; *The Victorian Romantics* (25s.) by T. Earle Welby, dealing with the early work of the literary Pre-Raphaelites; and the *Examples* of San Bernardino of Siena, chosen by Ada Harrison and illustrated by Robert Austin, at 10s. 6d. and 2 guineas.

THE Golden Cockerel Press continues the tradition it has built up for itself with its edition of the Book of Jonah, taken from the authorised version of King James I. It makes a beautiful book, and has engravings on wood by David Jones; some of these are more successful than others, but they are very successful indeed, both in themselves and for the harmony they make with the printed page.

A WELCOME departure from the individualised reprints of standard authors is Mr. Noel Douglas's new series of photographic facsimiles of first editions. This is a new process and by it it is possible to make the nearest approach, without costly and continued attendance at Hodgson's, to possessing the actual edition itself. The books have the inestimable benefit of being cheap, being issued in an ordinary edition

of 5s., and a limited edition at £1 11s. 6d. The text and photographic reproduction are in each case identical; the volumes should be of great value to students and all who desire to see what the first editions of famous works were like, both as to text and appearance. The first books to reach us are Blake's *Poetical Sketches* and Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. Shortly to follow are Donne's *Anniversaries*.

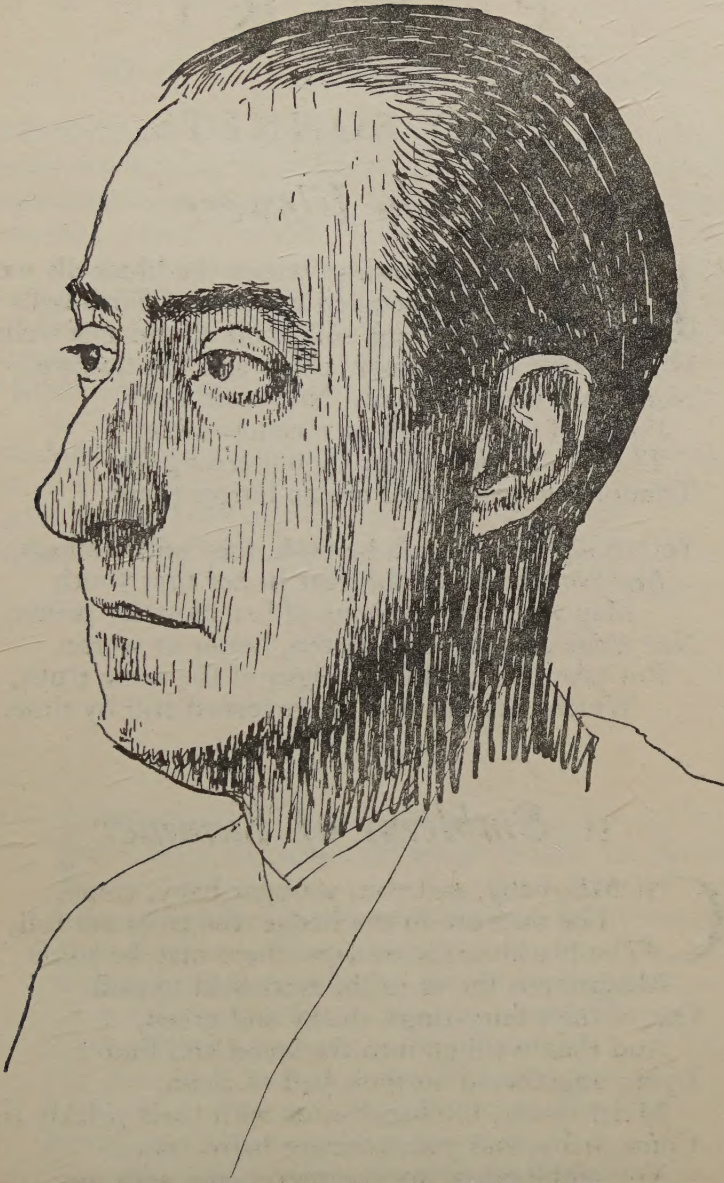
SAMUEL PEPYS seems to have benefited by his present vogue to the extent of the acquisition of two portraits by the National Portrait Gallery, one by John Riley, one by John Closterman. A portrait of Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*, by Jacob Hysmans is another among many interesting new pictures to be seen, and the gallery has a drawing of Charles Doughty by Eric Kennington, transferred from the Tate, the Ten Years' Rule being waived, as it has also been for a coloured chalk drawing of Joseph Conrad by William Rothenstein.

AN exhibition consisting of books and modern manuscripts made by their members is being held at Messrs. Maggs Bros., 34 & 35, Conduit Street, W., by the society of Scribes and Illuminators, from November 1-13.

AN interesting innovation has been made by the Carnegie Trustees in their Music Publication Scheme for 1927, in that the phrase "Opera or Musical Drama, including Music to Plays" can "on this occasion" include also "Music written for a film." All works must be received by the Secretary, East Port, Dunfermline, by December 21st, at the latest, and composers are again reminded that their names may not appear on their work, but should be on a separate sheet.

BIRMINGHAM University Dramatic Society is producing next March, Benavente's *Princess Bebe*, a play described as "essentially youthful in its appeal and sympathy." The settings will be designed by Mr. Alec Shanks.

WE have received a copy of *The Dublin Review*, whose name we regret we gave to *The Dublin Magazine* in our September notice of that paper. *The Dublin Magazine* comes from Ireland, but the paper now before us is published by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London, nor is its flavour, save for Professor O'Sullivan's *Irish Lawyers in Tudor Times*, in the present number, definitely Irish. Other articles include a paper by Herbert Thurston on *Peasant Saints*, which springs from a lament as to their paucity made by Dr. Coulton, that Shaw among historians, and a discussion on *Oliver Cromwell Among the Poets* by W. F. B. Stockley. This is unusually interesting, despite occasionally wilful sentences such as "But, neither, we whigs, are we republicans, fanatics, puritan-levellers and despot-raisers—maintained the Hanoverian new monarchy-men." The Review contains 100 pages of reading matter and is issued quarterly.



Modern Portraits :
XLVI—GLYN PHILPOT, R.A.
by Powys Evans

POETRY

TWO SONNETS

I—*July Flowers*

THEY come in clearings where the bluebells were,
 Tall, coarser-petalled weeds and florid bells :
 Rank, out of rank soil, their abundance wells,
 Flowers that our summer spouts and has no care.
 Nor do we care for them. No lovers wear
 Posies of willow-herb or meadow-sweet :
 Their scent and colour by unheeding feet
 Trampled go down and are no longer there.

Yet, though their earth be rank, they still are hers,
 And we who loved the year in her first youth
 May wear the emblems of her blowzier prime,
 Not judge among her children, better or worse,
 But take them, different signs of the same truth,
 Which, like our own, is governed still by time.

II—*Emblems of Summer*

COME, baby, and you, younger baby, come,
 The nuts are in the hedge, the trees are full,
 The blackberries are ripe, there may be some
 Mushrooms for us in the next field to pull
 Out of their fairy-rings, dusky and green,
 And then we'll go into the wood and find
 Lying ungathered on their bed of clean,
 Moist leaves, the beech-nuts with their prickly rind.
 Come, baby, and you, younger baby, too,
 You emblems of my summer, come with me
 And I will give the summer's fruits to you,
 Gathered by us from field and bush and tree.
 Your spring makes now my summer, therefore come
 With me whom fading spring so long made dumb.

EDWARD SHANKS

Hobo to be Sung softly by way of Prelude to a Drama of the Road

LITTLE we know how it is, nothing we know of the why,
Simply we shuffle, the road leads to the end of the earth.
Everything kicks us. We learn, and those who quit learning must die,
But the learning is all of the road and unriddles no riddle of birth.

The stars in their courses may set, the stars in their courses may rise,
We look at them and say nothing, not knowing their why or ours ;
Only sometimes we feel there is beauty in all those eyes
Whether that beauty mocks or blesses our ways and hours.

But the wisdom we learn of the road, of folks that take and that give,
The virtue of defiance or love, though its cry be a mortal cry,
In this alone we find faith and by this alone we can live
Till the unquiet stars quit trooping the twilit road of the sky.

ROBERT NICHOLS

Shrines

FEAR of the darkness fell on Man, he said :
“ Bury the wine and weapons with the dead.

Fear

“ Hear how they cluster round when falls the chill.
Their souls are flying leaves
Whirling through twilight, driven under eaves
Of the old homes for refuge ; as dark falls
They tap with finger-tips on outer walls,
Or, swarming blue-lit from the burial grounds,
Wasp-like they hum above the roofs, they rise
Ravaging the savannahs of the skies,
To chase with javelins the celestial herds,
The moon their huntress, and the stars their hounds.”

“ Wake not the sleeping man lest waking kill :
Circling the globe his spirit goes by night,
Crying as vampires cry,
Planing as condors fly.”

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Grown fearful now, he set
 Scarecrows round villages to scare the gods ;
 Bowed down before his cows ;
 Lashed at a comet's tail with sorcerer's whips ;
 Flattened his pointed roofs, and set in rows
 Brass gongs and kettles on the parapet,
 And wailing beat them, hurling stones and clods
 At the fanged moon who came at the eclipse
 To slay the sick, or wide agrin in glee
 To drive the sleeper mad. Cried that the gods
 With vast enchanted fish-hooks lightly drew
 Africa from the bottom of the sea.

He groped for faith and beauty, and knew not why.
 He cleft unclean from clean, yet never knew
 The squalor and grandeur of his first taboo.

But, spurred by fear, he raised his eyes and read
 Inscrutable cyphers written on the earth :
 Wings of large mammals stamped on stony lime,
 Sealed on a stone the arteries of a leaf.

And growing deft and handier through dread,
 Walled in his villages,
 Fearing the woods, hung offerings on the trees,
 Fearing the ghosts, raised altars to the dead.

* * * * *

He enshrined his needs. Yet, in that early time,
 Slyly mixed beauty with his homely needs ;
 Made hearth-gods ; offered to the glowing gleeds
 Brown dumpy loaves, and fearing not to rob
 Himself, spread out a meal upon the hearth,
 Poured out the milk and sacrificed the yeast,
 Splashed down a crimson drink before the hob,
 And crept to rest, and left the gods to feast.
 Made for his light a goddess of the dawn ;
 For his village-wine, young gods, who through the vales
 Rode purple-plashed and crowned with grape and leaf ;
 For his daily bread, a spirit of the corn ;
 Girdled the world with the beauty of belief,
 Netted the earth with the loveliness of tales.

Myths

Legends of daphne-bush, ivy, and laurel,
 Stories of harvest sheaves.

Dwelling in forest clearings, sowed the lean
Wild dandelion and sorrel ;
And mazed by the lit loveliness of green,
Told of old gods who hear how grasses grow,
Hear the soft spurting of the April leaves,
In the stirred twilight of a coppice hung,
Where, wreathing each to each, and underslung
And overtwinning, all light leaves and shoots
Speak with grey gods whose vitals are the roots
Whence spring the eternal young.

Till he too heard, hearkening alone between
The boughs, the sense and stirring of a tree :
Heard with his ears the rising of the sap,
Heard with his heart his own blood surge, the same,
Compelling him to gossip of the gods,
To tell grand tales of jovial lust, to see
In a chance hail-storm a celestial quarrel,
In every ivy-spray an amorous thing :
To give all growing things a brother's name.
In a moist speckled spinney of the spring.

Or, dwelling on the edges of the sea,
Raised altars to the scaled-one, sea-god he
Whose deep-sea colonnades are fluted coral,
Who leads the mackerel to the fishing-nets ;
And there the fishermen on sandy shrine,
Lacking the corn, knowing nor fruit nor wine,
Heaped the cornelians, and shells, and jets.

Or, prattling with children, told
How every seventh year a child may find
On the midsummer midnight of St. John,
A heavenly branch upon a hazel wild,
And cut it cleanly with a blade of gold,
And all earth's gems lie visible to the child.

Or, dwelling in towns, wreathed hawthorn with the rose,
Made flower-festivals, and puppet-shows ;
When, from small windows, underneath the eaves,
The sick and pregnant peered, and heard the hoots,
When god, doll-faced, with red spot cheeks, was drawn
In waggons by the village, piping loud,
And goitred idiots mambled in the crowd.

Or, in a church, with doors at night set wide,
 He stalled a dappled stallion till the dawn,
 Saddled in gold for a Finn god to ride.

Or, to the Sun-god, for his daily course,
 Gave gifts at sunrise : drove into the sea
 A burning chariot, and a milk-white horse,
 Full gallop off a green-bruised marble quay.

Or, rain being long delayed, his elders poured
 Water on naked girls by the river source,
 Drops trickling from small head to slender knee :
 The golden rain, sweet myth of Danaë.

Or at a birth with a throng gathered round,
 Men laid a new-born child upon the earth,
 And watched him raised, as newly sprung to birth,
 By holy men from bare and open ground.

Or peasants at sunrise, on the sarsen stone,
 When still the dawn was dun,
 Quickened the tinder on an altar board,
 And kneeling women raised in mute accord
 Infant and spade towards the rising sun.

Raised them in faith and beauty, and knew not why.

Faith heaped on faith, rite huddled upon rite,
 Until the South was wedded to the North,
 And men cried out : " The witches ride at night,
 Jaunty, astride, their grey locks streaming forth,
 Giving the cattle plague, destroying bliss,
 There on the thunder clouds with Artemis ! "

" Who reigns on mountains where the storm-clouds ride
 Swaddling the pinnacles, and thunder goes
 Rolling iron balls down a rough shaft of snows,
 And slowly from each chasm the night grows ?
 Thor, Jupiter, or Baal, on slope astride ? "

" Where does the water flow, flashing to light ?
 The Spirit of the river, taking flight ? "

" Who walks upon the hill ?
 Shadowless with the shadowy herds that brush

Moving, their hoofs and noses in the dew,
Far, close, uncertain, but that breathe and chew,
Deepening the midnight, deepening the hush ?
He who is cloven too."

" Who inhabits the tree ?
For after dark the trunks and treetops change :
The trees are strange."

" Who, on the mountain side of Arcady,
Dwells in the hollow, cleft, sweet-chestnut tree ?
Glad spirit she, who issuing will fling
The portals wide, wrenching the sappy barks,
To hurry up the slopes through crackling leaves,
Hunting the blue hepatica in spring,
Above the high snow marks
Marbling the mountains all the summer time,
Gleaming, white maps above the summer eves,
So that the moth in valleys far below
Leaves the warm cluster of the village lime,
Forsakes the village lights,
Takes wing for patches glimmering on the heights,
Till sunrise warms him, dead upon the snow."

* * * * *

North, west, and south, and east,
Age upon age eternally the same,
Scare of the bushman, torment of the priest :
The simple life-lust troubled by a flame.

* * * * *

The earth is strewn with shrines ;

Shrines

Palm groves, where around a communal hut
The bawling children beat the pannikin,
And where, small, yellow, plain, the mongrel whines,
Ranging in circles waiting for the blood ;

Inaccessible rock shrines that jut
Out of the tropic forest, where a gross
Goddess is carved, half covered by the moss,
Deep-breasted figure with strong feathered wing
Hovering above the white splay of a spring ;

Sanctuaries where forest pygmies strew
 With obscene gesture, incantation ill,
 A wild beast's teeth around them in a ring.

* * * * *

And that great shrine upon the harbour hill
 The Cyprian sailor knew.

Now, on that site, within the old surround,
 The islanders beflower the stony ground,
 Mingling her name with Mary's, deck the stones,
 In place of vanished cones.

There was she born of foam, as still they tell :
 The goddess, and the Paphian, and the queen,
 When African air is carried on the sea,
 When summer brings her feast,
 When south wind brings the swell,
 And heaps the Cyprian foam about the quay,
 Fretting with flotsam on the harbour mole,
 Left, a yard deep, on the black rocky shoal
 As the tides drive between.

* * * * *

And that wide service of the Syrian wild :
 The worship of Adonis in the east.

The shrines at Aphaca within the gorges,
 Hitched on the scarp ; there the Adonis source
 Over the ledges hangs like liquid spears,
 Joining the stream that forges
 Sea-ward, anemoned, a scarlet course ;
 There on the rock-face the straight column juttet ;
 There the humped vulture reeked, and the goat rutted,
 And shepherd hung red flower, and harvest ear,
 And in Adonis lands made crops to grow ;

Made gardens of Adonis : little plots,
 Where pious matrons in his month would sow
 Fennell and wheat, and rose, in gallipots,
 With joyful gesture calling on his name,
 And when with the spring heat the flowers had died,
 The Syrian peasants came

To cast dead flower and burnt-up barley stem,
 With the god's images on springs and wells,
 And when the swarthy women wailed and cried
 Within his sacred grove at Bethlehem,
 For Lord Adonis mourning : a harvest-rite,
 The Infant Christ first cried upon the night,
 As old St. Jerome tells.

Adonis born
 Of a sweet-myrrh tree, dying when the corn
 Was cut in spring,
 And women prayed for showers ;
 Adonis yearly by a boar's tusk thirled ;
 Astarte hastening
 Towards her lover, treading a damask thorn
 Staining its roses for a later world.

But he with opening flowers,
 Springs up with all the yearned-for dead again,
 With roses, and anemones, and grain.

* * * * *

The earth is strewn with shrines : growing they range
 Over the world like waves, shifting, they change ;
 To the cathedrals of the later days,
 Whose spires beyond a wash of buttercups
 Spurt from the shoulder of a neighbouring field ;
 Whose walls spring up from lawns with elms and mays,
 And the wide walnut trees.
 Where men on ladders close below the vault
 —Borne on the span of flying buttresses—
 Fixed jewel coloured sheet-glass, glued, outspread,
 Patchworked, and wired, Faith, Ardour, and Despair ;
 There, in stone walls, sure, simply, without fault
 Compressed a man's conviction on a shield,
 Confined divinity within a pane :
 Fitted the god between flat strips of lead ;
 And so the dusted drift of centuries,
 Cobwebbed the colour for the rapt in prayer.

Thus Man found beauty in the face of fear.

* * * * *

He sanctified his need that he might live ;
 Down the long ages, age on age again
 He ploughed the waste, he sowed the daily bread,
 Raised altars to the sun and to the rain ;
 He made no god of wealth, but mined the gold ;
 He raised no shrine to rest, but worked the soil ;
 He never prayed cessation of his toil,
 Renunciation of the life he knew.

Thus by his faiths we know him, still the same :
 Our footholds are the footholds of the dead,
 Our hearts are but the wastes through which he came.

He worshipped happiness that he might live ;
 Prayed joy that love can give ;
 Built shrines to Love, knelt down to beg her rest,
 Who with sweet limbs can gather to her breast
 That toil and pain which from the crib pursue ;
 Prayed to her hands to press about his brow,
 Where earth's strong tides surge on, and ebb and flow,
 Breaking his mould to make and build anew
 For the sheer stairway of the fresh ascent ;
 A child enamoured, wrecked, yet true to birth ;
 A man in swoon who sowed a desert earth,
 Bearing his lores, half weapon and half load,
 Pilgrim with brow between her breasts, half spent,
 Whose naked feet trod out the earth's first road.

How did he worship her ? How did he pray
 Each man before her shrine, age after age ?
 How kneeled the criminal and how the sage
 In those high places on the eastern hills ?
 What were her offerings, her mysteries ?
 The rustic gift : home-vintage, poured on dust,
 The bough and blossom of the village trees ;
 Man prayed to love, and built a shrine to lust,
 Bowed to the earth, and sank upon his knees.

He worshipped wine that he might lightly live,
 Shunning that fret he intimately knew ;
 And when austerity had sacked his shrine,
 Out of the wreckage made his myth again,
 Of how a god of pain
 In a great tenderness remembered laughter,
 Called for the wedding amphorae of water,
 And—sweet sly pagan—made the water wine.

The same who, doubting, chose the middle way :
Let slip the absolute vision, wrote on clay,
And smiling named adultery anew.

Mirrored by his beliefs we see him still,
And guess his urgent, most particular fear,
Who made, to bring him joy, or cure an ill,
Signs of a personal prayer upon a knife,
Symbols of worship on an early spear.

Toys of his travel, trumperies of his soul,
Stuff of those vulnerable humanities,
Which, weak in faith, linked faith with homely need,
Which, insecure of truth, touched clay to life,
Found peace in moulding gods upon a bowl :
Wrung the soul's makeshift from realities.

For he who ploughed the world,
Shivered with loneliness, and shrank from cold,
Being all times as a child is, when it hears
Firstly of death, or knows it must grow old ;
Saw, in his heart, grave, childlike, and ashamed,
His conquered earth, his ravaged lands,
Heard, prowling there, the forest still untamed,
And learned the soul's agues from his blistered hands.

He who in faith followed the early herds,
He who in fear raised up his father's grave,
Who sowed the earth's first cornfield by a cave,
Inlaid the weapon with a silver scroll,
Cut law on flint, made law a heap of stone,
Dug the first garden in the peace of eve,
Built Babels for assurance of his fame,
Chased form to ease a questing in the mind,
Raised shrines to blur a sharpness in the soul,
Was but a child that plays at make-believe
With toys of different colour, yet the same ;
Who, baffled by thought, and weak to walk alone
Groped, eager for comfort, being dumb and blind,
And found some common comfort for the whole,
One man being all mankind.

Found common comfort in the common things ;
Vision and solace in the bread and wine ;
Made from the common quarry of the hill
The urgent art, and the imperative shrine.

And from much folly, from confounding myth,
 From old dead gods some wisdom yet was wrung :
 Tag for the aged, signpost for the young.

Each child beheld the skies when he was born ;
 Nor cared that shrines are sacked, that on their stones
 The earthquake heaps the hills ; nor that the crust
 Of earth piles up with dust,
 The very actual ruin of men's bones.
 But saw the rising sun, for there was light,
 Or, crowing, clutched at stars the first clear night,
 From that earth-mother whom alone he knew.

Clutched at faith and beauty and knew not why.

* * * * *

How first to Man did the sole comfort come ?
 When, all being undiscerned, his work was plain,
 When, sighing in the dawn, he struck the spark
 To cook the morning meal, forgot the dark,
 Took up his tools and carved his god again.

So has he been, and so will he remain :
 Contented from his first to latest breath
 Humbly to set in order daily things,
 Or twist plain things to beauty and to worth,
 Seeking in these, to ease continual pain,
 Symbols of kinship and similitude
 Between himself and earth.

* * * * *

All this I knew,

Who saw in flight across a Grecian gem,
 A crystal goose carved deep and sure : and that alone was true.

For so, in the Greek dusk, the wild goose flew,
 Across the stony islands, honking south
 To some remembered Chinese river mouth,
 And the Greek carver loved him as he flew.

* * * * *

This is the soul's humility I saw :
 On foreign shores the burning of a man.

Beside an evening sea men banked with wood
A body to a grid, then leaped the fire,
Crowning a cluster of surrounding graves,
A funeral flare, a pyramid of flame.

He loved with passion once, he owned a name.

Beyond the low white wall, a little span,
Pressed to his mother clung a suckling child,
Lulled by her crooning and the incoming waves,
Light-lapped and cradled by the sacred pyre,
That light, that sound, the only life he knew.

DOROTHY WELLESLEY

THE BELL

By RICHARD PRYCE

MRS. BATSON tells this story.

Laugh? she asks you. Laugh? Till the tears poured down your cheeks. Laugh? Well, if you hadn't laughed you must have cried. She did not know if you had noticed, but it wasn't for nothing that certain words were inclined to couple themselves together: Church and Stage, for instance (you could trace a connection—well, in Pulpit and Platform any way!). Laughter and Tears. The one very near the other in her experience.

The story had its comic side all the same, as she had felt that *he* had, the day when she had first opened the door to him and seen him standing on the steps with his back to her.

He had rung the bell and then apparently turned to consider the street. The street, he explained to her subsequently, mattered as much to him as the house itself. A long street. That, from his point of view, was what was so particularly in its favour—the longer the street the better, he said, and instanced Harley Street, where one of these days he meant to be found himself at three guineas a time, and goodness-knew-what when he should be called in for consultations or second opinions. A long street, wouldn't you say, Harley Street? Then Wimpole Street. Think. Another long street. Welbeck Street; an appearance of length. Wigmore Street. Gloucester Place. All the streets, roughly, with Gloucester or Devonshire or Seymour in them (Upper and Lower many of them, which just showed you!)—all the streets, that is to say, which would first occur to you in connection with brass plates and great names; all long, weren't they? So there you were, and what did he tell you? Ebury Street was a long street. You couldn't, Mrs. Batson averred, rightly say that it wasn't. Ebury Street then. The very place for the venture—not, be it said, that the word venture was so much as breathed. The very place, let us say, without further committing ourselves.

Mrs. Batson meanwhile saw a tall, slender, attractive, hopeful, young back, and addressed it.

"Yes, sir?" was what she said to it.

The back swung round to show an equally attractive front.

"Oh, good morning. About this ground floor?"

"Yes, sir. About it?"

"It's to let, I believe."

He could see that it was. The bill in the window said so. It told him and everyone else who the agents were, and that they would supply all particulars.

"Have you an order, sir?"

"An order?" Innocence itself.

"To view."

He had not. He had been passing. Should he go and get one? He would. He even made a semblance of starting. Where were the Agents?

"A point I think we could stretch, sir."

"I thought perhaps you would," he said smiling. A "face," you see, a "nerve." He hadn't had any intention of going to the agents for an order. Not he! He knew what he could do with that crooked smile of his. Yes, and he could do anything with it. No two features equal—by which Mrs. Batson perhaps intended to convey that one of the twinkling eyes, with one of the mobile eyebrows, was a little bit higher than the other. Yes, with that smile, all skill and cleverness apart (and he had both, mind you, and something, too, which inspired confidence), he could have done pretty well anything. But to be affected by its beguilements you had to see it, and how could you see it if you conspired amongst you—"you" representing not Ebury Street only but all London—with one surprising consent never to enter the zone of its unsuspected activities? According to Mrs. Batson the young man would have done well to stand perhaps at his windows and smile—just let his smile be seen. *Faire la fenêtre!*—if Mrs. Batson had ever heard of such a course. Something of the sort but purged of all reprehensible purposes.

"If you'll please to step in, sir."

He stepped in. She opened one of two doors on the left of the passage and stood back for him to pass.

"There *are* three rooms?" he said, as he entered.

The bill in the window had said three.

"The third is very small, sir. But you'll see."

"So long as there are three," he said. "One to wait in. Old *Punches*, you know, on the table, and yesterday's *Times* and *The Queen* of the week before last. The second for me to see them in, one by one, when they've waited. The third, which can be as small as it likes, for my bedroom."

"A doctor, sir?"

"No objection to that?"

"On the landlord's part? No, sir. The advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, if you'd come on that, would have told you. It says 'Suit Professional Man'."

She was showing that she liked him. Volunteering information which she could otherwise have kept to herself. Showing distinctly that at least she was not making difficulties.

"Though naturally the thought of the bell occurs to me," she added.

They might both have laughed if they had known. Heavens, they might have laughed! The bell!

"You see, by rights, sir, I'm a caretaker, living in the basement. I'm attendance, but in moderation. The rest of the house is separate—a *maisonnette* they call it. Upper part used to be good enough when I was younger, but that's neither here nor there. Would you want much cooking?"

"Only my breakfast. I should go out probably for my luncheon and certainly for dinner. Gas fires, I see. I could make my own tea. Practically there would only be my breakfast—a couple of slices of bacon ; the usual sort of thing—and, well of course . . . the bell."

"I daresay we could come to an arrangement."

"You see," Mrs. Batson would admit, "I'd taken to him at once and I wanted him to come. I said much cooking, the Lord forgive me, more mechanically than anything else, for could I have foreseen—well! *His* bit of cooking. His breakfast. Had I have known, I'd have made me arrangements cover more than that, you may be sure, and been easy in me mind. Much cooking indeed! I'd have undertaken his dinner and welcome and known then that he had one. Proud? As a Lucifer. When I began to guess and managed to insinuate more into his breakfast so that there should always be something over, I had me work cut out to prevent his suspecting. Be degrees I had to do that, but only be degrees did I come to have an inkling at all of the state of the case. The State of the Case. Grave from the first. Grave to very grave. How could you know that though, when he wasn't?"

So Mrs. Batson from whom we got our data. She tells things in her own way. There is no hurrying her. She takes us back to the first day, and we see John Denison standing where we left him in the middle of the front room and, while he conceded that there might be a certain amount of attendance connected with the bell, assuring her by implication that he personally would want little to speak of.

"I quite see," he said, "One is lucky to be able to get any in unfurnished rooms which aren't, of course, like lodgings. Lodgings—furnished apartments—postulate attendance, don't they?"

Big words—that was one of his ways. Mrs. Batson, who on the whole used biggish words herself, hadn't an idea what postulate might mean—some medical term no doubt—and said, "Just so, sir."

"I have some furniture," he was saying. "Been picking things up, you know, one at a time. Partly for fun and because I love old things if they're cheap, partly with an eye to the future. *This is the future!*"

He looked round the room and then at Mrs. Batson, who again said, "Just so, sir."

The house was at the unfashionable end of the street, one of the half-dozen early eighteenth-century houses that had not been pulled down in the forties and fifties of the nineteenth to be replaced by what was modern and, therefore, ugly. The ceilings were low. The walls were panelled—oak possibly, deal probably; you could not tell, for they were painted. But they were painted a flat white. The cornices were delightful, and the substantial chair-rail proclaimed its date by its rounded ends. By good luck the original windows had survived, escaping by a miracle the "improvement" of plate-glass.

"What London must have been like when it was all like this! Think of it. The sort of London that Hogarth found and drew. Wheatley later.

You'll find it still in the *London Cries*, but you'll find it at its best in the *Rake's Progress* or *Mariage à la Mode* or the *H*—no, perhaps I'd better not . . . the Progress of another sort of rake."

"The female rake, sir. I follow you—but respect your delicacy."

The crooked face crinkled to its smile.

"That's splendid," he said. "That's splendid, Mrs. . . . Mrs. . . ."

"Batson, sir. Widowed."

"Splendid, Mrs. Batson. We shall get on."

"I'm sure of that, sir."

("Happened to know them, you see, being fond of pictures. In the National Gallery they used to be, where I go often. Besides everyone knows the Plates. Not but that I didn't feel a sort of natural pride *in* knowing them. It was like being able to cap, don't they call it? what they call a quotation. Oh, I'm fairly intelligent, thank God, though I live in a basement. Comes of having been married to an educated man. Batson was a butler and I'd been in service myself and always in the best houses, where you learn what's what if you're capable of learning. I was, I like to think, and still am, if, strictly speaking, it *can* be said of me that since Batson was taken I've come down in the world.")

"Jove, look at that!"

That was the fireplace, a hobbled grate. It had not occurred to Mrs. Batson till that moment how beautiful it was. She saw it now with his discriminating eyes.

She nodded.

"You're right, sir."

"And to think that they took such things out and put in their Victorian abominations. Put in their disgusting marble mantelpieces, too. Untouched this one. The simplicity. A mere ledge, but wide enough to hold what ought to go upon it. By Jove, if the rest's like this—or even if it isn't—this *is* the future I spoke of. Always, of course, supposing the rent—but don't tell me yet! Don't tell me even if you know, till I've seen the second room and the third little room. Remember I don't care how small my bedroom is. There isn't—" he broke off.

"Sir?"

"No, there couldn't be. There isn't. Of course there isn't a bathroom?" Mrs. Batson beamed.

It seemed there was. Amazingly. The last tenant had contrived to fit in a bath where there was space for it under the landing to which the first flight of stairs led so leisurely.

"Wonderful," he said, "though it makes me dread the moment at which I shall ask if you know the rent." He warded off enlightenment on that point with a raised hand and another "*Don't tell me*," with an added "I beg of you."

"Now for the next room," he said, and she led the way.

Another low-ceilinged room, the same delightful sense of proportion. As the front room faced south this room looked necessarily to the north,

but, with its white walls and its glimpse from the windows of the green of one of London's many fig-trees in the tiny back garden, it was not uncheerful.

He nodded approvingly.

"Now the bedroom," he said.

The bedroom was a mere slip of a room—originally, it was probable, a pantry ; large enough, however, for modest requirements. It would hold a narrow bed, a chest of drawers, a dressing table, and still allow you to turn round.

He inspected the contrived bathroom, and admired its ingenuity.

"Now for it," he said, and faced Mrs. Batson with apprehensive eyebrows, but defiant eyes.

A comic, Mrs. Batson told herself, if ever there was one : a "tragic" was perhaps what she was to come to think, when the weeks and the months went by and she was to come to her gradual comprehension of the true State of the Case. A comic. His apprehension—the puckered eyebrows of someone opening a bottle of champagne or soda water, or waiting for the imminent report of a pistol—said Put me out of my misery : the defiance, Do your worst. I've made up my mind.

Which he had, mark you. He meant to take those rooms—meant to from the moment he entered the house. And he didn't ought to have done so. Did-not-ought. Mrs. Batson was emphatic. Madness in the light of what she was presently to know—well, to gather—of the state of his finances ; the dimensions, rather, of his capital.

"They're asking eighty, sir."

Not a large sum as sums go, though in all probability it represented more than two-thirds of the actual rent of the house. Not a large sum if it did not, unfortunately, represent also pretty nearly two-thirds, say, of all that you had in the world. No wonder, perhaps, that the crooked delightful face puckered further. Its owner was making some rapid calculations of a disturbing kind.

"Eighty," he said.

Mrs. Batson nodded.

"That includes rates and taxes," she said.

"What would the gas come to ?" In this old house there was no electric light.

She was able to tell him approximately.

"And my breakfast and attendance ?"

Mrs. Batson made a calculation of her own. She named a modest sum.

"You could do it for that and not lose on me ?"

"Yes, sir, I could do it for that—a plain breakfast ; bacon, that is, as you said, or a bloater, eggs when not too prohibitive, kidneys perhaps now and again, or sausages. I should get to know your tastes, sir. I'm a good manager. I'm also, as I think you would find, a very fair cook."

There was a ring at the bell.

"Excuse me, sir."

He heard her go to the door. He heard the sound, but not the substance, of a conversation. After a few moments she came back.

"A lady to look at the rooms," she said.

He gasped.

"We must expect that," she said, "though the board only went up yesterday and the advertisement wasn't in the paper till this morning."

"But—" He looked towards the door.

"No, sir. *She* hadn't an order!"

The dismay gave place to the smile that could carry everything before it.

"Also . . ." added Mrs. Batson, and paused.

"Also what?"

"I told her—God forgive me, sir—I told her . . ." she paused again.

"Yes—told her?" he asked, urging her.

"That they were let," she said, and lowered her eyelids.

* * * * *

So one sees that Mrs. Batson had a share in the responsibility. Undoubtedly a share, and that was what came of meddling. All the same he *had* made up his mind. He had made up his mind when he asked her the rent. Yes, and before he heard her answer! "I comforted myself with that when the time came for wanting comfort. I couldn't have prevented his taking the rooms, but what I had done clinched matters." She could not controvert that.

"I was pleased, I admit. I'd never, you see, taken to Mr. Lynton—that was the former tenant. In all the five years he was here—he was a dentist—I'd never got accustomed to that chair of his. An uncomfortable sort of thing to have in the room over your head I always thought. No, I can't say I'd ever heard anything. Painless Dentistry they call it now-a-days—though we know all about that. But the way that chair could tip up! I couldn't bear to go near it even to dust it. Got between me, so to speak, and me meals, to say nothing of the blue bowl with the trickle of water and that dreadful thing with the wheels which he worked with his foot. Never was so glad about anything as the day I saw them go out of the house to the furniture van. But the young Doctor—a different pair of shoes altogether."

The last Mrs. Batson saw of him that day was a wave of the hand through the window of the taxi which whisked him off to the agents. And there again! Be rights, she said, he didn't really ought to have had a taxi.

A week later he moved in. A van was not needed to convey his furniture. Two journeys of a greengrocer's covered cart brought the bulk of his possessions from the rooms he had shared with a fellow student at Bart's, and what the cart could not hold on its second journey he brought himself in a cab. Very good things though. She helped him to arrange them—as excited as he was, as, between them, they put them into their places.

All was in readiness. She had seen to that. With the assistance of a char-woman she had scrubbed the rooms out, cleaned down the walls, and beeswaxed the old floors. A pleasure to work for and with him. He knew exactly where each thing would go, and the place of each thing seemed to have been waiting for it.

He had just enough.

"To start with, anyway," he said from the step-ladder, hanging his curtains. "Lots of things I want. Oh, lots. And plenty of room here for them when I get them. But for the moment these will serve. A piano, for instance, one of these days. I shall pick one up some day, you'll see. You can always get things for half nothing if you know where to look. That cabinet now. I'm proud of that. They knew how to make furniture when that was made."

When all was done the rooms looked charming. Great fun, he put it. Everything, you see, Mrs. Batson said, was fun to him at first. Yes, and not at first only. Long after his heart must have begun to sink, he showed not a brave front only, but an amused and twinkling front. He was of the stuff, she maintained, that heroes are made of. Give in? His sort didn't give in. If it wasn't to-day—his cheerful contention—it would be to-morrow. But to-day became to-morrow, and many many days became to-morrows, and to-morrow, the day, that is, that he waited for, was always ahead of him while the drear days that became yesterdays piled up.

The waiting began with the morning that the brass plate arrived, and was fixed upon the railing beside the door. Dr. Denison in black square letters sunk in the shining metal. He was as pleased as Punch with that plate. Doctor. That brought it home to you, eh? Fully fledged at last. Qualified. Certified. Something to show to the world and to face life with. Mrs. Batson once more was as excited as he, and the keeping of that plate bright became her pleasure and her pride.

It had not been up half an hour before the bell rang.

There. It had begun!

She hurried up from her basement—smiling to herself as she saw him slip out of the front room, where the patients were to wait till they should be summoned (in their turns), into the back room where he was to receive them. Presently, when the calls came and he should be out upon his rounds, there would, of course, be definite hours at which he would be "in." A slate and pencil hung on the back of the door in readiness for calls and appointments. Meanwhile, with only the short intervals in which he would snatch his meals at a modest restaurant he had found near by, he would be in all day.

Mrs. Batson reached the door; opened it. He was listening, she knew, behind the door of his consulting room. That touched her even then, and was to touch her still more when expectation was to become hope and hope the hope deferred that was to make her heart sick, if—and the wonder was here!—never his.

Someone asking for Mr. Lynton.

"Removed," she said—quite sharply for her!—"to five Chester Gardens, Pimlico. This is Doctor Denison's."

She shut the door as soon as might be.

That was the only time the bell rang that day. The maisonnette upstairs had its separate bell which rang often enough and was answered by the maisonnette's private servant. The bell did not ring at all the next day. The third day it rang twice: once, the gas-inspector to read the meter; the second time, a runaway ring. Mrs. Batson looked up and down the street indignantly. But she was not alarmed yet, or even anxious.

In the evenings the bell did ring sometimes, but that heralded only friends of his own, who strewed the floor with cigarette ash and the grate with cigarette-ends and matches, and filled the room with the sound of cheerful young voices and laughter. You couldn't be alarmed or anxious till you knew that there was cause for alarm or anxiety. But the days went by and no patients appeared.

So three months passed. The summer, in which he had taken the rooms and moved in, drew to autumn. He had paid his second quarter's rent (she had posted the letter), and his first quarter's gas bill, but there were no signs yet that he was disturbed by what could only very generously be described as a slackness of business. He was always spick and span, always appeared to be cheerful. He kept regular hours; took exercise regularly; invariably was in to the minute at the hour at which he said when he went out, or written on the slate, that he would be back. What did he do with himself during the hours that he stayed in? Worked, she thought. He had his books—books with learned names and plates in them, diagrams, things that she, Mrs. Batson, couldn't have looked at not if you'd paid her to do so. There was always something, she supposed, for a doctor, and especially a young doctor, to be learning. What with modern discoveries and one thing and the other, the older men, those with large practices anyway, must often be hard put to it to keep abreast of the times. A good deal of Dr. Denison's abundant leisure was, she had no doubt, spent in study.

But there must have been hours. . . . He had not yet begun to pace the floor like the animals in their cages at the Zoo . . . a sound she came to know and to dread. Waiting. Waiting. And the animals did that—horrible thought!—when they were waiting to be fed.

"We needn't have been afraid of the bell," he said one day.

"No, sir. The one thing of all I need *not* have named. I only wish it would give me a little more trouble. Not but what it won't presently. It'll begin one of these days and then there'll be no stopping it. Why it hasn't I can't think. Some doctors," she paused—"I'm ignorant about these matters—but some doctors buy a practice, do they not, sir?"

"Or a partnership. Most doctors." He was sitting down to his breakfast. He helped himself absently to tea. She saw his first frown. "If they can afford it. If they can't, and if they've one grain of sense in their

heads, they chuck the whole thing, cut their losses, buy a broom and look out for a nice muddy crossing."

Could you tell even then whether he was serious? He looked at her.

"I bought a brass plate," he said.

No, you couldn't, for his frown had disappeared and his face had crinkled to its smile.

"Ah well, it's the weather, sir. Such a fine summer and autumn. Too healthy for illness. You wait till the colds and coughs begin or, please God, a bit of influenza. They'll give you no rest then, you'll see. You won't have a moment to yourself."

She made a cheerful exit. But that day marked the beginning of her own anxiety. "If they can afford it." It mattered then? really mattered? You wouldn't have thought so. But had he let something out with the word "afford," and endorsed it with his half-humorous "*I bought a brass plate*"? She had taken it for granted that he had means independently of what he might make by his profession. What if he had staked all he had?

The plate as she polished it took a new significance. Never was brass kept more beautifully. But it made its shining announcement without avail. Had everyone in the neighbourhood his own special doctor? Was no one thereabouts taken ill so suddenly as to make the sending for the nearest a necessity? You would have thought, wouldn't you, that mere chance would have brought him patients? Mrs. Batson appealed to the door or the sky or the blank faces of the houses.

The days followed each other; the weeks. Not a patient, not the indirect emissary of a patient, rang that bell.

He smoked less: that was the first thing she noticed. He changed the brand of his cigarettes next, but the significance of this escaped her. Presently he would let himself run out of cigarettes. She could not miss the significance of that. He was feeling a pinch or preparing for one.

Winter began early that year. November fogs dulled the plate, but she fought them. His plate should shine though every other bit of brass in the street should be clouded. She did not content herself with polishing it in the morning, but, duster or chamois in hand, went to the door from time to time to give it an extra rub. It stood to her for the sole earnest of his existence. If its fires were dimmed what was there to speak for him at all? Dr. Denison. Without it there was no Dr. Denison.

November became December, and even with it there seemed to be no Dr. Denison.

"Long lanes and turnings they speak of, sir, don't they?" She had ceased to tell him that Rome wasn't built in a day. In six months the foundations of the first house were not laid. You plan of course before you build. He had planned. In his case it was unfortunately for others to build and they would not build. Time then to change the metaphor. A lane, however long, must have a turning. That there was no gainsaying.

"I chose a long street, didn't I? Plenty of turnings—out of Ebury Street."

What was in his mind ? Was he giving her back her own words with a changed meaning ?

"Just as many into it, sir, I think you'll find."

She had him there, and the satisfaction of seeing his face warm to her readiness. But she was not easy.

Christmas came and went. He spent the day with a friend, but no one called, so his unusual absence did not matter. Another quarter's rent had been sent to the landlord ; another gas bill paid. He settled her own small account every Saturday. It was difficult to tell exactly how far things were growing serious, but . . . oh, but, but . . . ! If only there had been someone, some near relation of his, with whom she could have spoken and to whom she could have confided her anxieties. There was no one. His parents were dead. He heard from an aunt sometimes who lived at Cheltenham, and had connections in other parts of the country ; none in London. She would have hesitated to discuss him with the light-hearted young men who came from time to time to see him in the evenings. She could only make her observations and draw her conclusions with an increasing uneasiness.

It was now that she began to have misgivings about those other meals of his—the meals which did not come within the scope of her arrangement with him. She had a dreadful conviction that he was cutting things to a very fine point. He went out as usual at mid-day and at the hour at which he was supposed to dine, but there was something in the way that he despatched his breakfast that made her suspect that it was the principal meal of the day. And he was looking thin. It was not her fancy that he was looking thin.

What was to be done ? Nothing was to be done ; nothing could be done except that insidious enlargement of the one meal over which she had control : more milk for the porridge which, professing now to have discovered that he did not get tired of it, she had introduced permanently into his morning bill of fare ; fried bread and presently more fried bread with his bacon ; eggs at greater frequency. He should have at least one substantial meal. But she could not do much, for there were limits to the purchasing power of the sum at her disposal, and already she was spending nearly the whole of it upon him.

One Saturday he was a few shillings short. He made up the deficiency on the Monday. But that day she noticed that he had rearranged the pictures on his walls. The flower piece which had hung over the hearth in the front room was gone.

Things *were* then getting serious ? It was a day or two after this that he had a communication from his bankers—she had seen the name of his bank on the envelope as she laid it beside his plate—which palpably disturbed him. He made a poor breakfast that morning. She contrived as she cleared away—leaving a tray behind on the side-table—to forget the milk-jug which was three parts full, and what he had left of some cold ham. He would be hungry presently she had small doubt, but less doubt

still that what had taken away his appetite for the moment was an intimation the bald significance of which was that very soon he would be without the means to appease it.

Grave to very grave indeed the State of the Case now. Actually, perhaps, (though this held small comfort) only relatively grave, for, if he had abandoned the dear project for which he had made his young, hopeful, hopeless stake, he could, she had gathered from something he had once said to her, have got work in connection with the Hospital. That, however, would have meant cutting his losses with a vengeance. Besides, give in? He wasn't going to give in till he was forced to give in. He was going to stick it, she knew that. The question was how long, sticking it, sticking how-so-ever tenaciously to sticking it, he reasonably could hold out. She shook her fist sometimes at the long indifferent street, sometimes at the silent bell. Sometimes, when he paced the floor overhead, she put her fingers into her ears. . . .

Rome had failed her and the long Lane—with Luck and the Tide, linked by the common idea of Turning, thrown in; there remained but to hazard that it was Darkest before Dawn! The day would come when she would be constrained to give forlorn, woe-begone, deprecating voice to even that.

It was a sin and a shame. Mrs. Batson confessed herself past all patience—downright angry. Him with his degree and his stethoscope (waiting for your Ninety-nine), and his thermometer (ready to be shaken and put under your tongue), and his fountain pen for your prescriptions (x's and z's wasn't it, and things like double i's?); and not a lung to be tested, or a temperature taken, or a prescription for pill or mixture or tonic to be dashed off and initialled, and deciphered—Heaven knew how—by your chemists. A sin and a shame. You were bent on breaking him, selling him up, starving him out. You looked like doing it too. You looked horribly like doing it. . . . There came the dreadful day when it seemed as if you had done it.

He was going.

He had told her. The end had come. It was as she had guessed. He had put the whole of his slender capital into the venture of taking the rooms and setting up his plate, with the results that she had seen, and he was at the end of his resources. He had arranged with his bankers for an overdraft which would cover the next quarter's rent with a little more to go on with, but he must sub-let, take up temporary work at the hospital and move into a cheaper neighbourhood.

"Oh, sir!"

He nodded.

She began to speak, hesitated, broke off.

"Yes, Mrs. B.?"

Twinkling even then! They couldn't break him. They could starve him out, but they couldn't break him.

"If it's the bit for your breakfasts—that could wait, sir. And welcome. We'd manage somehow, you'd see. The shops all know me about here.

They'd let things run on. And if you'd allow me, sir—excusing me for making so bold—I'm quite sure in me own mind I could manage your lunch and dinner for half what you pay for them outside."

("Not," Mrs. Batson admitted, "that I didn't know I should have been clever if I could have done that!")

No. Shook his head again. But he shook more than his head: shook her hand in both his and pushed her quickly out of the room.

("Silly or not," Mrs. Batson said—"and for all that it chanced to be he left—I prize that hand of mine more than the other.")

She went back to her kitchen and sank into a chair. The rooms he had made so nice and the beauty of which, like the beauty of the old hobbled grate, he had in a sense revealed to her . . . the things that he had picked up for a song and that he was (and she too) so proud of . . . the plate which she had polished, and to the call of which not a soul had responded . . . his young slender back—she always reverted to that—his young slender back as she had seen it on the steps the day she first opened the door to him . . . his crooked smile. . . .

* * * * *

Through her musings she heard the closing of the front door. He had gone out. To the agents, she supposed. That was the finish. For the rooms would let in a week. She had no hope now. She was to lose her young gentleman. The darkest hour in truth and no promise of any dawn. The darkest hour, the very darkest. . . .

It was then that the bell rang.

* * * * *

Laugh? Enough to make you laugh, wasn't it? They ignore him, they neglect him, they let him starve, they knock him down with their motors and then, if you please, sending for the nearest doctor, they bethink themselves of the plate which has stared them in the face for nine months and they send for *him*! His first patient—himself! Talk of Life's Little Ironies! It was the turning point, all the same, for the story got into the papers. The headlines! *Physician Called to Heal Himself. Young West-end Doctor meets with Accident and is sent for to render First Aid to Himself.* The advertisement! Strangers coming to enquire; ladies in their Rolls-Royces and their carriages. He was well in a week and smiling to some purpose. Patients? Bell rings from morning till night!

ESTRANGEMENT : THOUGHTS FROM A DIARY KEPT IN 1909—II

By W. B. YEATS

XXX

I went for a walk in the woods with little E— and we talked of religion. He said, "There is no longer belief, nobody with belief ever comes to my Bible Class but you yourself. If people believed, they would talk of God and Christ. They think it good taste not to talk of such things, and yet people always talk of what they care for. Belief makes a mind abundant." I thought of the perpetual desire of all lovers to talk of their love and how many lovers' quarrels have come from it. I said, "What of the Dublin theosophists?" He said, fiercely, "They are thieves. They pick up names and thoughts all over the world and these never become being in their minds, never become their own, because they have no worship." He is not easy to understand, but I gradually drew from him these thoughts. "They are all self, all presumption. They do not know what it is to abase themselves, before Christ, or their own Gods, or anything. If one does that, one is filled with life. Christ is so full of life that it flows into us. The whole world is vivid to us. They are all self, and so they despise the foundation." He means by the foundation, life, nature. I said, "But what are the forms they see?" He answered, "They can only be lesser spirits—part of what they call the Astral—creatures that live on them and draw away their life." I said, "Must one therefore either feed or be fed?" He said, "Yes, surely. Have you not noticed that they are all fluid, tenuous, flimsy-minded? You know Miss A— B—? They are all like that. It is the astral fluid. There is no life, the life has been sucked out. They despise the foundation, and that no one can do till after the resurrection. They are all self, and so they live on stolen goods. Of course there are a few chosen spirits who need not enter into life, but they are very few. Ah! if only one could see all boys and girls after nineteen married." He told me earlier in the day that once when mountaineering he was in great danger. Some one had slipped and dragged another with him, and he had the weight of two men hanging from the rope—but he felt a great being descending into him and strengthening him. Even when the danger was over he felt no loss of nerve as he looked back on the danger. He had been filled with life. On the way back E— said, "There is so little life now. Look at the modern soldier—he is nothing—and the ancient soldier was something—he had to be strong and skilful, they fought man to man." I said, "There are some books like that—ideas as wonderful as a campaign by Moltke, but no man. The plan of campaign was not so impressive in the old books, but all was human!" He answered, "When

aces cease to believe in Christ, God takes the life out of them, at last they cease to procreate." E— himself, all muscular force and ardour, makes me think of that line written, as one believes, of Shakespeare by Ben Jonson—"So rammed with life he can but grow in life with being." The irregular line of his thought which makes him obscure is itself a sign of this. He is as full of twists and turns as a tree.

XXXI

The other day when I was speaking at "The Arts Club" someone asked me what life I would recommend to young Irishmen, the thought my whole speech if it were logical should have led up to. I was glad to be able to reply, "I do not know, though I have thought much about it." Who does not distrust complete ideas?

XXXII

There is an astrological sense in which a man's wife or sweetheart is always an Eve made from a rib of his body. She is drawn to him because she represents a group of stellar influences in the radical horoscope. These influences also create an element in his character, and his destiny, in things apart from love or marriage. Whether this element be good or evil she is therefore its external expression. The happiest have such horoscopes that they find in their wives what they have of good, others must find what they have of evil, or a man may have both affinities. Sometime a man may find the evil of his horoscope in a woman, and in rescuing her from her own self may conquer his own evil, as with Simon Magus who married a harlot. Others may find in a woman the good that conquers them and shapes them. All external events of life are of course an externalisation of character in the same way, but not to the same degree as the wife who may represent the gathering up of an entire web of influences. A friend represented by a powerful star in the eleventh house may be the same, especially if the sun apply to the star. We are mirrors of the stellar light and we cast this light outward as incidents, magnetic attractions, characterisations, desires. This casting outward of the light is that fall into the circumference the mystics talk of.

XXXIII

By implication the philosophy of Irish faery lore declares that all power is from the body, all intelligence from the spirit. Western civilisation, religion and magic insist on power and therefore on body, and hence these three doctrines—efficient rule—the Incarnation—thaumaturgy. Eastern thought answers to these with indifference to rule, scorn of the flesh, contemplation of the formless. Western minds who follow the Eastern way become weak and vapoury, because unfit for the work forced upon them by Western life. Every symbol is an invocation which produces its equivalent expression in all worlds. The Incarnation involved modern

science and modern efficiency, and individualised emotion. It produced a solidification of all those things that grow from individual will. The historical truth of the Incarnation is indifferent though the belief in that truth was essential to the power of the invocation. All civilisation is held together by the suggestions of an invisible hypnotist—by artificially created illusions. The knowledge of reality is always in some measure a secret knowledge. It is a kind of death.

XXXIV

While Lady Gregory has brought herself to death's door with overwork, to give us, while neglecting no other duty, enough plays, translated or original, to keep the Theatre alive, our base half-men of letters, or rather half-journalists, that coterie of patriots who have never been bought because no one ever thought them worth a price, have been whispering everywhere that she takes advantage of her position as director to put her own plays upon the stage. When I think, too, of Synge dying at this moment of their bitterness and ignorance as I believe, I wonder if I have been right to shape my style to sweetness and serenity, and there comes into my mind that verse that Fergus spoke, "No man seeks my help because I be not of the things I dream." On the night of the "Playboy debate" they were all there, silent and craven, but not in the stalls for fear they might be asked to speak and face the mob. A—D— even refused by a subterfuge and joined the others in the gallery. No man of all literary Dublin dared show his face but my own father, who spoke to, or rather in the presence of, that howling mob with sweetness and simplicity. I fought them, he did a finer thing—forgot them.

XXXV

Those who accuse Synge of some base motive are the great-grandchildren of those Dublin men who accused Smith O'Brien of being paid by the Government to fail. It is of such as these Goethe thought when he said, "The Irish always seem to me like a pack of hounds dragging down some noble stag."

XXXVI

Last night, Miss Allgood, who had been bad hitherto, gave a good performance in *Kincora*. This play in its new form gives me the greatest joy—colour, speech, all has its music, and the scenes with the servants make one feel intimate and friendly with those great people who otherwise would be far off—mere figures of speech. The joy that this play gives makes me understand how much I dislike plays like . . . and . . . and . . . If at all possible I will now keep at the Theatre till I have seen produced a mass of fine work. If we can create a taste for translated work—which we have not yet done—we can carry on the Theatre without vulgarity. If not, the mere growth of the audience will make all useless, for the Irish town mind will by many channels, public and private, press its vulgarity upon us.

If we should feel that happening, if the Theatre is not to continue as we have shaped it, it must, for the sake of our future influence, for the sake of our example, be allowed to pass out of our hands, or cease. We must not be responsible for a compromise.

XXXVII

Last night I read E— a passage in which Coventry Patmore says we cannot teach another religious truth ; we can only point out to him a way whereby he may find it for himself. E— said, “ If one could show another religious experience, which is of the whole being, one would have to give one’s whole being, one would be Christ. He alone can give Himself.”

XXXVIII

I often wonder if my talent will ever recover from the heterogeneous labour of these last few years. The younger Hallam says that vice does not destroy genius, but that the heterogeneous does. I cry out vainly for liberty and have ever less and less inner life. Evil comes to us men of imagination wearing as its mask all the virtues. I have certainly known more men destroyed by the desire to have wife and child and to keep them in comfort than I have seen destroyed by drink and harlots. L— E— used to say that he meant to have a butler and that he thought it his duty to his wife to keep a house on that scale. Harlots in his case finished what the virtues began, but it was the virtues and not the harlots that killed his knack of verse. I thought myself loving neither vice nor virtue ; but virtue has come upon me and given me a nation instead of a home. Has it left me any lyrical faculty ? Whatever happens I must go on, that there may be a man behind the lines already written ; I cast the die long ago and must be true to the cast.

XXXIX

Two hours’ idleness—because I have no excuse but to begin creative work, an intolerable toil. Little D— F— of Hyderabad told me that in her father’s garden one met an opium eater who made poems in his dreams and wrote the title pages when he awoke but forgot the rest. He was the only happy poet.

XL

A couple of days ago I went to see Dr. F— F—. He spoke of the attacks on both him and myself in *Sinn Fein* and of their untruthfulness. He said, “ I congratulated Edward Martyn some time ago on being leader of an important political party, and he answered, ‘ I don’t want to be, I want to do my own work,’ Says I, ‘ I want to do my own work also,’ and then says he, ‘ The worst of it is that those fellows would not leave either of us there for five minutes if they thought we liked it.’ ”

XLI

The root of it all is that men of our own political class—the lower-middle class from whom the patriotic associations have drawn their journalists and their leaders for the last ten years—have suffered through the cultivation of hatred as the one energy of their movement, a deprivation which is the intellectual equivalent to a certain surgical operation. Hence the shrillness of their voices. They contemplate all creative power as the eunuchs contemplate Don Juan as he passes through Hell on his great horse.

XLII

To-night G— said that he has always thought that the bad luck of Ireland comes from hatred being the foundation of our politics. It is possible that emotion is an evocation and in ways beyond the senses alters events—creating good and evil luck. Certain individuals who hate much seem to be followed by violent events outside their control. B— G— has been so followed always. It is possible to explain it by saying that hatred awakens hatred in others and in oneself a tendency to violent action ; but there are times when there seems more than this—an actual stream of ill-luck. Certainly evocation with symbol has taught me that much that we think limited to certain obvious effects influences the whole being. A meditation on sunlight for instance affects the nature throughout, producing all the effects which follow from the symbolical nature of the sun. Hate must, in the same way, create sterility, producing many effects which would follow from meditation on a symbol. Such symbol would produce not merely hate but associated effects. An emotion produces a symbol—sensual emotion dreams of water, for instance—just as a symbol produces emotion. The symbol without emotion is more precise and, perhaps, more powerful than emotion without symbol. Hatred as a basis of imagination, in ways which one could explain even without magic, helps to dry up the nature and make the sexual abstinence, so common among young men and women in Ireland, possible. This abstinence re-acts in its turn on the imagination, so that we get at last that strange eunuch-like tone and temper. For the last ten or twenty years there has been a perpetual drying of the Irish mind with the resultant dust-cloud.

XLIII

I saw Synge to-day and asked how much of his *Deirdre* was done. He said the Third Act was right, that he had put a grotesque character, a new character, into the Second Act and intended to weave him into Act One. He was to come in with Concubar carrying some of his belongings and afterwards at the end of the act to return for a forgotten knife—just enough to make it possible to use him in Act Two. He spoke of his work this winter doubtfully, thought it not very good, seemed certain only of the Third Act. I did not like to ask more questions lest he should understand that I wished to know if another could complete the work if he died. He is certainly too ill to work himself, and will be for a long time.

XLIV

Met MacDonagh* yesterday—a man with some literary faculty which will probably come to nothing through lack of culture and encouragement. He had just written an article for *The Leader*, and spoke much as I do myself of the destructiveness of journalism here in Ireland, and was apologetic about his article. He is managing a school on Irish and Gaelic League principles, but says he is losing faith in the League. Its writers are infecting Irish not only with the English idiom but with the habits of thought of current Irish journalism, a most unceltic thing. "The League," he said, "is killing Celtic civilisation." I told him that Synge about ten years ago foretold this in an article in the *Academy*. He thought the National movement practically dead, that the language would be revived, but without all that he loved it for. In England this man would have become remarkable in some way, here he is being crushed by the mechanical logic and commonplace eloquence which give power to the most empty mind, because, being "something other than human life," they have no use for distinguished feeling or individual thought. I mean that within his own mind this mechanical thought is crushing as with an iron roller all that is organic.

XLV

The soul of Ireland has become a vapour and her body a stone.

XLVI

Ireland has grown sterile, because power has passed to men who lack the training which requires a certain amount of wealth to ensure continuity from generation to generation, and to free the mind in part from other tasks. A gentleman is a man whose principal ideas are not connected with his personal needs and his personal success. In old days he was a clerk or a noble, that is to say, he had freedom because of inherited wealth and position, or because of a personal renunciation. The names are different to-day, and I would put the artist and the scholar in the category of the clerk, yet personal renunciation is not now sufficient, or the *hysterica passio* of Ireland would be inspiration, or perhaps it is sufficient but is impossible without inherited culture. For without culture or holiness, which are always the gift of a very few, a man may renounce wealth or any other external thing, but he cannot renounce hatred, envy, jealousy, revenge. Culture is the sanctity of the intellect.

XLVII

I have been talking of the literary element in painting with Miss E—G— and turning over the leaves of Binyon's book on Eastern Painting, in which he shows how traditional, how literary that is. The revolt against the literary element in painting was accompanied by a similar revolt in

* Was executed in 1916.

poetry. The doctrine of what the younger Hallam called the Æsthetic School was expounded in his essay on Tennyson, and when I was a boy the unimportance of subject was a canon. A French poet had written of girls taking lice out of a child's hair. Henley was supposed to have founded a new modern art in the "hospital poems," though he would not have claimed this. Hallam argued that poetry was the impression on the senses of certain very sensitive men. It was such with the pure artists, Keats and Shelley, but not so with the impure artists who, like Wordsworth, mixed up popular morality with their work. I now see that the literary element in painting, the moral element in poetry, are the means whereby the two arts are accepted into the social order and become a part of life and not things of the study and the exhibition. Supreme art is a traditional statement of certain heroic and religious truths, passed on from age to age, modified by individual genius, but never abandoned. The revolt of individualism came because the tradition had become degraded, or rather because a spurious copy had been accepted in its stead. Classical morality—not quite natural in Christianized Europe—dominated this tradition at the Renaissance, and passed from Milton to Wordsworth and to Arnold, always growing more formal and "literary" until it became a vulgarity in our time—just as classical forms passed on from Raphael to the Academicians. But Anarchic revolt is coming to an end, and the arts are about to restate the traditional morality. A great work of art, "The Ode to the Nightingale," not less than "The Ode to Duty" is as rooted in the early ages as the Mass which goes back to savage folklore. In what temple garden did the nightingale first sing?

XLVIII

No art can conquer the people alone—the people are conquered by an ideal of life upheld by authority. As this ideal is re-discovered, the arts, music and poetry, painting and literature, will draw closer together.

XLIX

The Abbey Theatre will fail to do its full work because there is no accepted authority to explain why the more difficult pleasure is the nobler pleasure. The fascination of the national movement for me in my youth was, I think, that it seemed to promise such authority. One cannot love a nation struggling to realise itself without an idea of that nation as a whole being present in our mind. One could always appeal to that idea in the mind of others. National spirit is, for the present, dying, because the influence of *The Nation* Newspaper, which first gave popular expression to that idea in English, has passed away. *Kincora*, which should have certain poems and traditions to help it, and at its first production caused so much excitement, rouses now but slight interest, while H—'s plays grow more and more popular. H— alone requires nothing but his own thought.

L

I cry continually against my life. I have sleepless nights, thinking of the time that I must take from poetry—last night I could not sleep—and yet, perhaps, I must do all these things that I may set myself into a life of action and express not the traditional poet but that forgotten thing, the normal active man.

LI

We require a new statement of moral doctrine, which shall be accepted by the average man, but be at the same time beyond his power in practice. Classical morality in its decay became an instrument in the hands of commonplace energy to overthrow distinguished men. A true system of morals is from the first a weapon in the hands of the most distinguished. The Catholic Church created a system possible only for saints, hence its prolonged power. Its definition of the good was narrow, but it did not set out to make shopkeepers. A lofty morality should be tolerant, for none declares its laws but those worn out with its warfare, and they must pity sinners. Besides, it must needs take a personal form in their minds and give to those minds the timidity of discoverers, not less than the courtesy of soldiers.

LII

A few days ago my sister, Lolly, dreamed that she saw three dead bodies on a bed. One had its face to the wall, one had a pink mask like a child's toy mask, and before she could look at the third, somebody put a mask on that too. While she was looking at them the body with its face to the wall suddenly moved. The same night J— dreamed that she saw three very long funerals and that she saw what she thought a body on a bed. She thought it a body of a brother of hers who had died lately. She lay down on the bed by it, and it suddenly moved. The same night my sister, Lily, dreamed that she had received three telegrams.

LIII

There is a dying out of national feeling very simple in its origin. You cannot keep the idea of a nation alive where there are no national institutions to reverence, no national success to admire, without a model of it in the mind of the people. You can call it "Kathleen ni Houlihan" or the "Shan van Voght" in a mood of simple feeling, and love that image, but for the general purposes of life you must have a complex mass of images, something like an architect's model. The Young Ireland poets created a mass of obvious images—Wolfe Tone, King Brian, Emmet, Owen Roe, Sarsfield, the Fisherman of Kinsale—that filled the minds of the young, answered the traditional slanders on Irish character and entered so into the affections that it followed men on to the scaffold. The ethical ideas implied were of necessity very simple, needing neither study nor unusual

gifts for their understanding. Our own movement thought to do the same thing in a more profound and therefore more enduring way. When I was twenty-five or twenty-six I planned a *Légende des Siècles* of Ireland that was to set out with my "Wanderings of Usheen," and show something of every century. Lionel Johnson's work and, later, Lady Gregory's, carried on the dream in a different form; and I did not see, until Synge began to write, that we must renounce the deliberate creation of a kind of Holy City in the imagination; and express the individual. The Irish people were not educated enough to accept images more profound, more true to human nature, than school-boy thoughts of Young Ireland. You can only create a model of a race to inspire the action of that race as a whole, apart from exceptional individuals, when you and it share the same simple moral understanding of life. Milton and Shakespeare inspire the active life of England, but they do it through exceptional individuals. Having no understanding of life that we can teach to others, we must not seek to create a school. Could we create a vision of the race as noble as that of Sophocles and of Æschylus, it would be attacked upon some trivial ground by minds that prefer Young Ireland rhetoric; or the obvious sentiment of popular English literature, a few Irish thoughts and feelings added for conscience sake.

Meanwhile, the need of a model of the nation, of some moral diagram, is as great as in the early nineteenth century, when national feeling was losing itself in a religious feud over tithes and emancipation. Neither the grammars of the Gaelic League nor the industrialism of *The Leader*, nor the *Sinn Féin* attacks upon the Irish Party, give sensible images to the affections. Yet in the work of Lady Gregory, of Synge, of O'Grady, of Lionel Johnson, in my own work, a school of journalists with simple moral ideas could find right building material to create a historical and literary nationalism as powerful as the old and nobler. That done, they could bid the people love and not hate.

LIV

Nobody running at full speed has either a head or a heart.

LV

I told my sister that I was to spend the night in the K— street haunted house. She said, "Oh, I know about that house. I saw a furniture van there one day and furniture going in, and ten days after, the house was empty again; and somebody I know was passing by in the early morning and saw an old woman on a window-sill, clinging to the sash. She was the caretaker. The ghost had driven her out and there was a policeman trying to get her down. But the pious Protestants say that there is no ghost or anything but the young novices in the Convent opposite 'screaming in the night time'."

THE GENIUS OF PETER BREUGHEL

By LLEWELYN POWYS

THERE have appeared from time to time in all countries certain artists who have discounted that whole field of religious and metaphysical experience which to many sensitive natures would alone seem to render the rudeness of life tolerable. In England, Thomas Bewick might be taken as an almost perfect example of this particular kind of spiritual stubbornness ; for certain it is that the famous woodcuts of the old north-country coffin-plate engraver would never lead one to suspect that our life with its libbards, ounces, and gannets is but an illusive mirage floating uncertainly upon an eternal ocean of abstract truth.

But the greatest of all such mule-headed sons of the sod and the sun is the Flemish painter, Peter Breughel. A single glimpse of any one of his canvases is sufficient to initiate us into the mood and temper of his direct and simple vision. Who could miss, for example, the divine earthiness of his picture of the cornfield now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York City ? It has been said that this painting was meant to represent the month of August and well it may have been, with the ears of yellow grain standing solid like *living bread*, and with the labourers reclining "like Gods together" under the trees, symbols themselves, it would almost seem from the bawdy exposure of their codpiece bags, of a crude fertility under that sublime blaze of noon. And who if not Peter should be able to portray for us the broad dog-thirsty sunshine of a midsummer harvest field, born and brought up as he had been on the flat farmlands of Flanders ? If ever a great genius could be said "to have risen out of the soil" it was he and not, be it noted, from any light soil, but out of the heavy sluggish muddy tilth of a low-lying water-logged landscape such as is familiar to us in certain parts of Suffolk. And perhaps the very thickness and massiveness of the mud out of which he sprang gives to his genius its particular obstinate quality, that obstinate quality which some of us have come to value very highly, suggesting as it does in these unsettled days so solid a footing. You could as soon hope to drag an overloaded farm wagon out of the slough of two December ruts as alter the destined course of this original Breughel. Indeed, he follows his essential marrow-deep humour with the lumbering inevitableness of the sails of one of his own windmills going round and round and round. He visited Italy, but alone of all the artists of his time he remained completely uninfluenced by the work of the great masters. He could not be changed. What he liked as a boy he continued to like as an old man. There was about him something of the stout unbending character of a hedge-stick that has been warmed into shape through many winters at a kitchen fire and which, with its root as a handle, retains for ever afterwards its particular look of idiosyncratic intimate *unmanufactured* homeliness.

And yet so terrific was the vitality of the old Fleming that under his hand the very water-soaked clods grow light, the cloven ploughlands illumined, the toilers gay. The frolicsome horseplay of a young colt let out of a stable on a spring morning is in all his country scenes. An echo of jocundity comes from his pictures as insistently as the beating of such an animal's hairy hoofs undisciplined, unshod, upon soft sap-filled spring mould. Like the unbroken colt his pictures also curvet and kick and tremble and gallop with life. You know how vital a fish looks when it leaps suddenly out of a swiftly moving river, its silver back curved like a new moon, well, there is not an incident in any picture of Breughel that has not this same "flick" in it.

To stand before *The Dance* or *The Marriage* in the Museum in Vienna is to receive an immediate revelation as to the infinite joy that is our natural heritage. In a flash we acknowledge the wisdom of Villon, of Rabelais, of Shakespeare, of Sterne. If we could live our lives over again with what eagerness and zest would we not eat great yellow custards, go to bed with our brides, and caper light of heel down the village street! In the picture of *The Dance* there is nowhere any suspicion of gravity. Gaily, gleefully, the heavy-footed peasant in the foreground hurries to the scene of merriment, his white teeth bared in an ecstasy of excitement. Close behind follows a middle-aged woman with the lift of a maiden in her legs, for in such company years count for nothing. The bagpipes sound, the frothy beer flows into globous bellies and great blown-out lips protrude to kiss. All is frolic, all is delight, and each heavy boot with its repeated beating of the ground wears away three months' shoe-leather. It is the same with the marriage scene. How admirable those great flat custards look borne into the room on the back of a hinged door! How one longs to partake of one of these same great custards, devil's pancakes, or the most primitive of all sacraments which might—who knows—miraculously initiate us into the divine secret of being happy at such a rate as this. The expression of each face is so original, so full of intimate character that one never forgets it. They become lodged in one's mind with the indelible vividness of the physiognomies of village characters that one knew in one's childhood. How could it be possible, for example, not to remember for ever the look on the bride's face, that look of plump contentment, that look which expresses a simple mind's naïve satisfaction at being permitted to play any part at all in the drama of life, combined with the inarticulate aplomb of the peasant woman who knows without further doubt she has brought her virginity safe into the harbour of matrimony. There she sits with hands folded, a well-fed, unaffrighted, prospective bed-fellow. In their attitudes as well as in their expressions Breughel seems to catch each figure as it actually was at the selected moment of time: the pipers with their postures drooping a little from having had to stand up for so long, the child with a peacock's feather in her bonnet sitting with rounded back as with her finger she tastes the favourite dish: the whole room-full of people gutting, guzzling, gourmandising so that their heavy bodies may

grow strong to toil, to dance, to embrace under the blessed light of the sun. And they must, indeed, require a superabundance of energy to encounter as merrily as they do the rigours of the wintry landscapes that Breughel depicts for us. How he loves to bring it all before our eyes, the trodden snow, the children's slides, the very poles laid down to corduroy slippery places ! The tiniest figure far away under the pollarded willows is complete with life as it tumbles onto its nose, with arms outstretched, no bigger than a snow-fly. A dog is there done to life humping its back as it befouls the white ground, each separate icicle even, given its own character as it hangs half melting in the sun from the curious tilted eaves.

It is, of course, this detailed realism which to some of us makes his work so attractive, the look of actuality for example provoked by a beer barrel which has rolled down a bank and is now frozen into a pond ; in short every accidental process that overtakes the animate and inanimate world, so precious to the sight of those who are in love with life, exactly, punctiliously portrayed.

The deeply personal character of Peter Breughel's paintings is especially seen in his treatment of religious subjects. Even here nothing will budge the old man from his own egocentric preferences, from his uncouth countryman's conception of those rumoured happenings far away in Palestine. The *Road to Calvary* may have been painted in a particular manner for time out of mind, but this fact in no way deters " Breughel of the peasants " from representing it after his own fashion. And so extraordinary was this fashion and so contrary to any orthodox notion of what took place on that momentous occasion that the picture when finished gets the painter into considerable trouble. He is brought up before the inquisition. What right, they ask indignantly, has anyone to envisage sacred history thus ? For to Peter Breughel the idea of killing a God must needs suggest on a grand scale the kind of gathering that he had seen come together often enough for bear-baiting. There we see them trooping over the green fields, under the shadow of a windmill, the sporting rattle-tattle rout of Jerusalem. To-day in England similar crowds may be observed at race meetings. During the eighteenth century doubtless much the same people were to be met with in the lanes and alleys leading to the cock pits. The more one looks at this careless amazing Pack-Monday-Fair procession coming out of Jerusalem " for a bit of fun " the more one wonders at the daring of this artist who in season and out of season insists upon life and yet more life. On a distant hill we see a ring of people watching a place being prepared for the crucifixion just as I have seen the villagers in Montacute Borough jostle each other to observe the erection of a Merry-go-round. In the foreground near the white skull of a horse we see the Virgin Mary and " the others who followed " huddled together in hopeless, impotent dismay, like a group of tender-hearted cottage women who know that a band of publicans, farmers, dairymen, have dug out a grey badger and are carrying it off in triumph to worry it to death. You remember how King Clovis, when he was first told of the death of Christ, the brutal manner of it, remained

for some time silent, and then uttered the simple words "Would I had been there with my Franks!" Well, the shock we get from this canvas is much the same as the shock we get from the record of so naïve a reaction in the face of a matter of such divine moment, only in the case of the picture the emotion is transversed in that we have scandalously, nay exuberantly, conveyed to us the indecent curiosity, the excitement felt by human beings when they are about to see what some live creature will do in desperate extremity, how a black cat will act as it roasts alive, or what words of terrible implication will issue from the throat of a tortured God hung high on cruciform boards. In the very centre of the picture we see Our Lord Himself, already fallen under the weight of the cross, surrounded by a drunken rabble, one of whom has put a foot on the holy rood for the deliberate purpose of *making it heavier*. A few yards further on a rough farm cart carries the two thieves forward, over a stream in the direction of the noisy ring where "all the fun of the Fair" will presently take place.

But it is not until one has visited the Lichtenstein Galleries that one is in a position to estimate in all the profound directness of its comprehension this Fleming's vision of life. It is here that this Sancho Panza of painters gives his final summing up. Here without book learning this original Breughel makes a rapid reckoning and sees that the one fundamental fact to be understood about life is death. The greatest of all his pictures tells its story plainly and inelegantly. It affects one's mind as though it had suddenly been vouchsafed to one to inspect the interiors of all the graves that have been since the world began, as though in order to extinguish any last faint hope we might have of a personal immortality we had been called upon to place our hands upon a myriad hollow thigh bones, and to thrust our fingers into the eye-sockets of a myriad hollow skulls.

To the generations of men peopling for so short a season, like butterflies, like green gullible grasshoppers, the fields of the earth Death alone constitutes ultimate reality. With the uncouth realism of a simple mind Breughel pictures the living as being attacked by skeletons. Hung high up on a shattered shell-shocked tree two bells toll out warning of the macabre disaster. The flesh-bereft figures that pull at the ropes below are but two insignificant members of a vast army of invaders who are overwhelming the quick on every side. The miser is taken from his gold, the gourmet from his linen-laid table, the lover from the sweet lap of his lady. Some of Death's soldiers carry a net and set about netting the living as poachers net partridges on a winter's night. Others have set up stockades on each side of an enormous wooden trap such as might be used for trapping sparrows by a stick house in a back yard. And to see how they harry and hustle and man-handle their timid ineffectual enemies into the gaping aperture! Supercilious arrogance, the arrogance of Masai invading a camp of Wakikuyu, is the expression most apparent on the lively visages of each death's-head as he watches the resistance, foredestined to fail, of the "punie habitants."

And already the tumbril of Death is advancing up the street. The head acristan sits sideways on his black-blinkered grey mare, holding a lantern in his right hand and with his feet resting on the shaft. Well he knows as indeed his nonchalant listless attitude attests—the attitude of a farm labourer returning to a familiar parcel of ground for the twentieth time with a load of dung—that his employers always win.

The date of Peter Breughel's own death is disputed. He resembled an ancient wych-elm whose very roots sprout saplings. Both his sons became celebrated painters. "Breughel of the velvet" was a friend of Rubens, and for some time collaborated with him. His granddaughter Anne became the wife of Teniers. Truly it may be said that he was of the stock who repeople the earth with free and magnanimous spirits.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE QUARTER SESSIONS

By L. F. SALZMAN

“**T**HE evil that men do lives after them, The good is oft interred with their bones,” and of the undistinguished multitude more names are perpetuated by their breaking the Law than by their following the Prophets. “Herostratus lives that burnt the Temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it”; as at a later day Jonathan Martin, by setting fire to York Minster, gained a niche in the *Dictionary of National Biography* denied to the craftsmen whose work he destroyed. And of many of ourselves, when our blameless existences shall have become dust and a wandering wind, our private charity and true and punctual filling up of income-tax returns shall less avail for monuments to posterity than the fact that we were fined five shillings for riding a bicycle without a light. At the Last Day the ledgers of the Recording Angel may reveal our good deeds to an admiring and astonished, or uninterested, audience, but for the immediate future the records of the Police Court are more accessible, and often, to the unregenerate, more entertaining. Not the least entertaining of their class are the records of the sixteenth and seventeenth-century Quarter Sessions. These have not the squalid splendour of the Assizes, whose Book of Chronicles is the *Newgate Calendar*. These are the humbler courts of the Shallows and Silences, painful Justices of the Peace, who “wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a case between an orange-wife and a posset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience.” But it is in their very triviality that their interest largely lies, from a literary and Shakespearean point of view. The heroes and villains, Antonios and crookbacked Richards, philosophising Hamlets and desolate Lears, need no additional illumination; they are already in some danger of disappearing in the blaze of critical limelight. It is the “third citizens” and “second Gentlemen” whose further acquaintance we are pleased to make; the figures in our Sessions courts are Shakespeare’s rustics of ancient Greece, his crowds of classical Rome or his watch of medieval Messina.

Take this last instance. The Elizabethan constable’s life was emphatically not a happy one; he was fair game for the wit of dramatists or for the violence of lesser men, inspired with a more pungent spirit. Trinculo showed as little originality as might be expected of him, when he told Caliban,—“I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day?” It was in this spirit, and doubtless with a similar prelude upon the sack bottles, that Richard and William Paunsforth (servants of “Walter Rawley, esquire, of the Court”) with eight kindred souls, on a December

night of 1577 defied the watch at Wenloxbarne, calling out,—“ Rascals and drunken slaves, come an ye dare and we will be your deaths.” But when they dared and came, sack proved as compatible with cowardice as in the case of Falstaff, and the potvaliants fled. Even more Shakespearean was the adventure of the constable of St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields, who at 12 o’clock at night stopped Timothy Pendry, “ writer ” (*scriptor*, which, I fear, means a scrivener and not a man of letters), and “ the said constable demanding of him certain questions, as to his office doth appertain, he did bid him kisse his tail, as Poule Oblyns and Thomas (*blank*) did testifie, being then in the watch.” We can hear the indignant Dogberry—“ Write it down ! Write that he bade me kiss his tail ! ” So, too, when William Pedley, constable of Amwell, tried to make William Curteys give up a rate-book which he had pocketed, Curteys, belying his name, called him “ fool ” and “ goose-cap the constable,” chucked him under the chin and struck up his heels.

The guardians of the Law were not even safe from the disrespectful pranks of women. For in 1611 Margaret Wilshere dressed herself up in man’s clothes and, like Rosalind, with a boar-spear in her hand and “ a swashing and a martial outside,” knocked up the parish constable of Chaceby, telling him that there had been a great robbery at Bushley and that she had brought the hue and cry, handing him a paper. While he unfolded it, fumbling, no doubt, with his lantern and his spectacles, she made off, leaving him hurt in his dignity but otherwise more fortunate than his neighbour of Langdon, who was tripped up and threatened to be thrown down stairs when he tried to put a stop to certain games, morrices and dancing one Trinity Sunday. Patrons of the admirable sport of country-dancing, who blether of “ Merrie England,” might note in passing that here, in Langdon, these amusements were said to attract all the ruffians and drunkards of the district ; they even on one occasion tried to shorten the Sunday service by sending an excommunicated woman into the church. Similarly in Yorkshire orders were given to suppress the wakes, feasts, garries, helpales, etc., which sound so picturesque, because they attracted vagrants and lewd persons and led to wasteful eating and drinking, minstrelsy and dancing and so to fighting ; while at Newnton, in Wiltshire, the custom of carrying a garland in procession on Trinity Sunday brought about a pitched battle with a gang from Malmesbury, headed by a chimney-sweep with a hobbyhorse and bells on his legs.

Other riotous persons who must have varied the monotony of the watchman’s life were the students of the Inns of Court. Their exploits were of a type tiresome enough to the onlooker, however amusing to the perpetrators when seen through a contemporary haze of sack or malmsey or in lean and slippered retrospect—“ I was once of Clement’s Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet. . . . Our watchword was Hem ! Boys ! ” One Boxing Day, some dozen years before ‘ Henry IV ’ was written, about midnight, Seintlowe Knyston, George Peters and Maurice Shipward of Clement’s Inn, Richard Light, John Phokas,

John Perryman and Samuel Pynder of Lion's Inn, Hugh Fowntayne and Hugh Dutton of Lincoln's Inn—one would like to add "little John Doit of Staffordshire and black George Barnes and Francis Pickbone and Will Squele, a Cotswold man"—sallied forth with swords and daggers, and with stones and brickbats assaulted the houses and windows of Humfrey Stowe and other distinguished citizens. The whole gang were notorious 'nightwalkers' and disturbers of the peace; and a day or two later two of them, Richard Light and John Phokas, entered the church of St. Clement Danes during service and in a loud voice sang out 'Falantido Dilly' divers times—doubtless the burden of some popular song, though questionably to be classed with the "prettiest love-songs for maids, with such delicate burdens of dildos and falaings" as Autolycus purveyed. (Purists and editors, if any such have followed me so far, will protest that Folios and Quartos, aye, and all the quaternary foldings, ancient and modern, make Autolycus say "fadings" and that they, the said editors, have written learned notes to prove that there were obscure Irish dance tunes called "fadings." To whom I make the retort courteous or, if you will have it so, the countercheck quarrelsome: "Tush! Read your Elizabethan ballads, and go hang yourselves in your garters for a flock of unimaginative sheep!")

Some of these students, and others gentle by birth but not by breeding, were not above risking their necks in drunken frolics of the Gadshill type, and there is a suggestion of mountainous Sir John in the exploits of Sir George Sandes, Knight, who on 10 August, 1616, at Knightsbridge carried out four highway robberies, stripping his victims of their hat-bands, handkerchiefs and even garters. Not that such apparent trifles were necessarily despicable plunder; for in 1584 Hugh Pewe stole from Walter Raleigh a hat-band of pearls worth £30. In truth the splendour and costliness of Elizabethan clothes explains, and almost condones, their theft. It was hardly surprising that Thomas Willoughby, though technically a gentleman, should steal "a gown of mockadoe of blew colour, a pair of breeches of leather picked out with orange silk and a girdle of purple silk ornamented with silver," belonging to Edward Devereux; and who could resist the temptation of "a pair of flame-coloured satten hose laced over with gold," and, incidentally, worth £30? No doubt the thief, like sweet Sir Andrew, had a leg that was "formed under the star of a galliard" and felt that it would do "indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock."

Not the least pleasing feature of these criminal records is the ingenuity displayed by the clerks in finding Latin terms for the articles referred to—an ingenuity that would be baffling if they had not mercifully provided the translation as well; so that we read of "*superintula voc*' shirtebandes," "*unam amiculum voc*' a neckerchief," "*unum par tibialium voc*' a pair of netherstocks," and "*unum par vinculorum voc*' Frenche garters." The climax of ingenuity was reached by the Latinist who, having to record the theft of a ladder, produced *adulescentiorem*—a comparative that is superlative. Here one suspects that the simple clerk had had his leg deliberately pulled

by the scholar to whom he had applied for help ; but in the Devonshire case of a prisoner accused of shooting a woodcock and fined “ *pro claudendo cum hayle shott* ” and bound over on condition “ *quod non claudebit iterum*,” I imagine the clerk turning to his neighbour and saying, “ What is the Latin for to shutt ? ” and he, not recognising the dialectic form of “ shoot,” replying, in all good faith, “ *claudere*.”

The offence in this last case was the use of a gun with hail-shot, which type of shooting had been prohibited on the ground that it made for bad marksmanship, owing to the wide scattering of the shot. What marksmen our ancestors must have been if they could kill woodcock with bows and arrows ! The prohibition was more reasonable in the case of larger game, but was none the less frequently broken. Thus in 1599 Peter Eyres of Aston was fined for shooting with a handgun, charged with powder and shot, “ *unam damam lactantem anglice* a sucken doe.” As I read the record of the accusation I exclaimed, “ Bless thee, Bottom ! thou art translated ! ” Assuredly, “ I will roar thee as gently as a sucken doe.” For, mark you, a sucken doe does gently roar, or bleat, or bell, or whatever the correct term may be ; and “ sucking dove ” is not such a malapropism as any rustic would make. But the compositor who converted the “ dooe ” into a “ dove ” was an inadvertent genius. There can, I think, be no doubt about it. But I shall miss my “ sucking dove.”

BOSWELL'S PROOF-SHEETS—I

By R. W. CHAPMAN

IN the great Johnsonian collection of Mr. R. B. Adam of Buffalo are two distinct collections of the proofs of the first edition of the *Life of Johnson*. The first of these, consisting in the main of *first* proofs, is a fragment, comprising pp. 1-56 and 81-224 of the first volume. The second, consisting in the main of *revised* proofs, is virtually complete.

Mr. Adam has produced a collotype facsimile of a part of the first collection. It may be recorded here that the pages which are *not* included in the facsimile contain no corrections of any great moment.

Of the second collection, which is of even greater interest than the first, very little has hitherto been made known. Mr. Adam has, once more, deserved the grateful thanks of Johnsonians by sending the precious volumes to this country for use in the revision, now in progress, of Birkbeck Hill's edition ; and by authorising the present publication.

Nothing will be thought unimportant that adds detail or accuracy to the *corpus* of *Johnsoniana*, or that throws light on the personality of the great biographer. No apology, therefore, is offered for the inclusion in this selection of many particulars in themselves minute. Of the corrections and variations here noticed, some add fresh morsels to the mass of ascertained fact ; some clear up obscurities which have troubled editors ; all help to build up the picture of Boswell, nearing the end of his task, but remitting nothing of the labour given to its perfection :

Quo fit ut OMNIS

Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

VITA SENIS

Boswell comes very well out of this unusual scrutiny. If he betrays a fault, it is nothing less venial than over-anxiety ; and if he is over-anxious, it is all in the good cause of accuracy. For the rest, his marginalia show all the virtues that a printer or publisher could wish to find in his author—legibility, promptitude, quick appreciation of the nice points of printing, imperturbable good-humour and politeness.

The selections are roughly classified under the following heads :

1. Boswell and his Printer.
2. Various Corrections.
3. Alterations of *Ipsissima Verba*.
4. The Cancel Pages.

The book, which is bound in two volumes (the top edge slightly trimmed), seems to lack only the portrait and facsimiles, which (being printed elsewhere ?) were perhaps not accessible to the person in Mr. Baldwin's printing-house who must be presumed to have acquired and preserved

the sheets. We hope this was Mr. Selfe, the corrector of the press, who certainly deserved to have a copy.

It is clear enough what these sheets are. In Mr. Adam's imperfect collection of proofs, as far as the facsimiles inform us, each sheet is numbered 1 on the recto of the first leaf, and on the same page is Boswell's instruction "Send a Revise." (Sheets Q and S of this collection, however, are numbered 2, and Boswell writes "Let me have another Revise.") In the perfect collection the great majority of sheets bear the number 2, and the direction "For Press when carefully read by Mr. Selfe and corrected," or words to the same effect. (Note that "read by Mr. Selfe" means *verified*, not what we call *read for press*; that had already been done, and it is after settling the reader's queries that Boswell gives his *imprimatur*.) A certain number of the sheets (including S of Vol. 1) are marked 3; and one is marked 4. (A few sheets, though corrected like the rest, lack Boswell's usual instruction; possibly he was sometimes able to return two sheets at once; and one sheet—O of Vol. 1—has the note "Send a Revise.") Again, Boswell once or twice on these sheets refers to the former proofs: 1. 266 "the proof No. 1.," 2. 529 "It is so in the Proof."

The collection consists, therefore, of Revises or Re-revises. A few sheets, however, are doubtful. In Volume 1, E and Hhh have no number and no corrections, and the paper is much cleaner than usual. These are either duplicate proofs or revises, or, more probably, perfect copies, what a printer to-day calls "clean" sheets. In Volume 2 the last two sheets, 4E and 4F, have no corrections by Boswell, and are probably duplicates. (It is perhaps worth noting that E of Vol. 1 in Mr. Adam's other collection—*presumably* therefore a first proof—is marked for press. Thus there may have been *no* revise of that sheet.)

The "preliminaries" call for separate description. The title-page of Vol. 1 differs slightly from the final form. The *Dedication* and *Advertisement* seem to be final. The *Alphabetical Table of Contents* is composite. The first sheet, A, represents an incomplete state. It ends with the word *Monckton*. The second sheet, B, is in more or less final form. It begins with *London*, thus overlapping the first sheet, which was expanded (in a proof now lost) and so "ran out." The *Corrections and Additions* are final.

The manuscript notes on the revises are in (at least) three hands—Boswell's, the reader's, and a third, which may possibly be identified as Malone's. They are of three kinds—queries, answers to queries and other corrections, and Boswell's instructions, explanations, and other comments. A certain number of corrections and remarks, which are not in Boswell's hand, can hardly be due to the reader. We should naturally ascribe them to Malone; and that is Mr. Adam's opinion; but the experts are not prepared to say that they are in Malone's hand.

In the selection given below, the references are to volume and page; the references added in brackets, to the volumes and pages of Birkbeck Hill. Quotations from the spoken words, or the letters, of Johnson or Boswell in the text (or the text as corrected) are indicated by *double* quotation

marks ; comments and instructions by Boswell (or another) in the margin are indicated by *single* quotation marks. Otherwise extracts are not always "quoted" ; but ambiguity has been avoided by various devices.

I : *Boswell and his Printer*

1. 1. ' For Press, when closely looked at particularly the numbers of the pages and other such small things and corrected. How lucky is it that I have had this *Revise*. In the alteration Note p 2 *franly* instead of frankly would have looked ill. I trust we shall have a *very* correct book. Sir J. Reynolds a few minutes after the *Revise* came.'

We know how Boswell came to quote Sir Joshua ; for on the first page of the previous proof he had written :

' Let me have another *Revise* sent to Sir Joshua Reynolds's in Liecester Square where I dine.'

In the margin Boswell has written '1750 Copies.'

1. 17. ' Pray be very careful that no letters drop out as in *meads* on this page.'

flowery meads at the end of a line had dwindled to *flowery me*.

1. 49. ' Be sure to compare Urbane etc (1.113) both latin and english with the original.'

1. 53. (1.109-110)—the printer was troubled by the quotations from the rough draft of *Irene*. In one place he asks 'Is any word omitted?' *Boswell*: 'No. They are imperfect notes. Alright.' (*Allright*, which *Boswell* writes as one word, is the modern *O.K.*) In the paragraph beginning *I shall select*, the printer wished the words *but is answered* to be in roman, as not part of the quotation ; *Boswell*: 'No. I give all the parts of Johnson's M.S. in Italicks.'

1. 65. ' Pray attend very nicely as I have found strange omissions.'

' Pray attend to the *numbers* in marking the notes.'

1. 161. ' I am sorry that there must be a little over-running etc., in this sheet. But we must make as good a Book as may be.'

1. 171. (1.312). " The Romans, like others, as soon as they grew rich, grew corrupt ; and in their corruption sold the lives and freedoms of themselves, and of one another " [from a review by Johnson].

The reader queried the last words.

' I am obliged to you. It appears strange at first. But *themselves* refers to the *Nation in general* and *one another* refers to individuals.'

1. 181. (1.330)—*The Idler*. Boswell added in *Revise* the words " and pollute his canvas with deformity " (added by Johnson to a paper by Reynolds), and made other small corrections. Fearing these might be misunderstood he wrote the whole in full in the lower margin ; and as if this were not enough, wrote in the inner margin : ' The corrected passage is fully written at the bottom.' A similar case is 1.377, where he writes :

'To avoid a variety of separate references I have written the corrected sentence on this page fully out as above; but you will find little to alter in printing' [because the change was mainly by way of transposition].

i. 185. 'N.B. There is a strange error in this sheet. The continuation of the note on p. 187 is printed on p. 189 instead of p. 188. Let this be rectified, and then—*For Press when carefully read by Mr. Selfe and corrected.*'

i. 193-4 (cf. 1.353). At the end of 1760 Boswell inserted in Revise :

"Johnson who was ever awake to the calls of humanity wrote this year an Introduction* to the proceedings of the Committee for clothing the french prisoners."

(This was moved to another place, and slightly altered, in a later edition.)
On the first page of the sheet he wrote :

'N.B. I have *caught* a small fugitive piece in 1760, which *must* be put into its place on the next page. I hope that by making less White between the poetical divisions you may get it in without changing anything more than in this first leaf.'

The printer carried out this suggestion.

Another 'catch' is reported at 1.425-7 (2.267) :

'By revising this sheet again I have caught an Island which I had omitted.'

This was Inchkenneth, which he adds to the catalogue of islands visited by Johnson. At that point he becomes nervous :

'Pray observe that in Inchkenneth there is first an H and then a K; as these letters are apt to be mistaken in M.S. I mention this. The first syllable of this word is the same word with the measure *Inch*.'

i. 289.—'N.B. The same number of the Conversation as a separate publication with its own title-page, to be thrown off as of the Letter to Lord Chesterfield.'

This is the offprint, *A Conversation between His Most Sacred Majesty George III and Samuel Johnson, LL.D. illustrated with observations, By James Boswell, Esq.* This, like the Letter to Chesterfield, was issued as a pamphlet at half-a-guinea. Both are dated 1790.

i. 393. 'I have attended to all the Qrs. I am obliged to you for the suggestions. In this page there are two good corrections.' [of *which* omitted, and of *awful* for *aweful*].

i. 465 (2.326)—Lord Pembroke's saying about Johnson's *bow-wow-way*. The vigilant reader asks 'Qr. before?' *Boswell* : 'No. It is in my Tour to the Hebrides.' The question of duplicates had come up earlier, 1.394, cf. 1.226 (2.216 and 1.417). On the second quotation about Dr. John Campbell's principles and practice (who took off his hat in passing a church, but never went inside), there is in the margin a note by the reader (or Malone ?) :

'In p. 226 this is said before.' *Boswell* : 'But in different phrase so stet.'

i. 395 (2.217)—the passage about Johnson's attempted journal, and the particulars of his early years." There is a marginal note, perhaps in the same hand as the last : 'This almost verbatim.' It is not quite clear what is complained of; the reference may be to 1.365 (2.166) about "the little

circumstances of his life ” ; or to 1.235 (1.433) about keeping a journal. However that may be, Boswell did not agree—‘ It is much varied so stet.’

2.5 (2.416)—the word *spent* accidentally omitted : ‘ Thank you. Strange that such a word should not have been observed ! ’

2. 9.—Johnson’s age given in the margin as 66, and queried.

‘ Undoubtedly 67. Pray observe that Johnson’s age is just *nine* years less than the Century.’

2. 25. ‘ Mr. Boswell will bring more copy tomorrow 30 Sept.’

2. 63 and 93 (3.39 and 2.282)—*κάθαρσις τῶν παθημάτων* and Johnson’s Greek ‘ tetrastrick ’ on Goldsmith. The reader was unhappy about the accents :

‘ Would it not be better to omit them or make them right—If you choose to keep them in I will take Care of them.’

Boswell is for once indifferent :

‘ You may omit the accents.’ ‘ I leave it optional to you to have accents or not. Mr. Thomas Warton used none.’

2. 137.—‘ Pray be very careful as there are several nice corrections.’

2. 160 (3.178)—the number of people ‘ attached ’ to the Laird of Auchinleck ; *five hundred* is corrected to *six hundred* with this justification : ‘ I have counted them carefully by five to a family.’

2. 161 and 165 (3.186). The passage about the Duke of Devonshire originally stood thus :

He thus characterised the old Duke of Devonshire, grandfather of the present Duke :

“ He was not a man of superior abilities, though Basil Kennet would persuade us he was ; but ”

etc. In the Revise, Basil Kennet was removed, and Boswell, with characteristic thoughtfulness, filled the gap by writing :

grandfather of the present representative of that very respectable family.

On the first page of the sheet is this warning against premature printing off :

‘ This token for another night for Basil Kennet & whether the old Duke was grandfather or great grandfather of the present.’

This again is deleted ; and ‘ Pray be very careful to observe the corrections ’ is the final injunction.

2. 186 (3.222)—the note on Mrs. Desmoulins was added, and again Boswell makes room : ‘ I think you may find room for the note, without over-running, by taking *shop* up into the line above ’ ; *shop* had a line to itself, and was moved accordingly.

2. 206—‘ See always if my reference to any page be exact according to the sheet *for press*.’ This difficulty troubled him a good deal, as it troubles all conscientious authors who do not keep a duplicate of their corrections—and sometimes if they do. E.g.

2. 254. 'Saturday—I sent this morning a note that the number wanted for the note on this page is *sixty two*.' 2. 284. 'Look in Mr. Selfe's Revises if the page be right.' 2. 529. (first page of Yyy) 'The reference 1. relates to p. 293. But see if it be not on the preceding page, Sheet Xxx. It is so in the *Proof*.'
 2. 217. (first page of Ff)—'Gg must wait a day or two. But be going on. There will be no over-running.'—'N.B. You do not put a semicolon often enough. Pray attend to this. But it is *my duty* to point. So I have no right to find fault.'

2. 223 (3.284)—The note about Mrs. Knowles and her *sutile pictures*, which Mrs. Piozzi or her printer had made *futile*, was added. Boswell must have been pleased with his triumph; but he did not forget the printer's convenience:

'If the *note* can be printed without deranging the press-work, well—If not, leave it out.'

2. 225—'I expected to have seen also the Revise of Hh *at least*. I request a little more dispatch.'

This is the only sign of any approach to impatience.

2. 257—The response seems to have been prompt.

'This is very well done indeed. Pray gentlemen Compositors let me have as much as you can before Christmas.'

2. 279—a mistake rectified (1778 for 1779 as date of first publication of *The Lives of the Poets*); it disappears in the later edition. In the Revise is a footnote:

Notwithstanding all my anxious attention to chronological order, I find that I have ascribed to this year [see page], the publication of his Prefaces to the Poets, which in fact came out early in the next year.

For the missing reference (181) Boswell notes 'Beginning of the year 1788 [meaning 1778]. Get it exact from Mr. Selfe.'

2. 280 (3.370)—[Reynolds and the Empress of Russia]:

'Pray be very correct in printing the words of the Empress of *all the Russias*.'

But it is not so printed, and no actual *correction* appears in the Revise.

2. 323 (3.436)—'How came you to omit the title of Dr. Dunbar's Book? I sent it on a slip of paper last night.'

2. 522 (4.329)—[Human life not machinery]:

He agreed with me, and added, "The small-pox can less be accounted for than an execution, upon the supposition of machinery; for we are sure it comes without a fault."

This is removed and a generalisation substituted:

He agreed with me now, as he always did, upon the great question, etc.

The reason is in the margin:

'I strike out this tho' in my notes, because I do not see its meaning & I may have erred.'

2. 522 (4.329)—

“the Reverend Mr. Vilette, who has been Ordinary of Newgate for no less than years.”

The blank is filled by *seventeen* in the first edition, altered in a later edition to *eighteen*.

‘Send my note to Mr. Vilette in the morning and open the answer. Or inquire of Mr. Akerman for the number of years. Get it somehow.’

2. 537. ‘Sheet Yyy is with Mr. Wilkes to look at a note. [Doubtless that on p. 533 (4.347) about the young lady who eat three pigeons.] But there will be no such alteration as to interfere with this. [i.e., sheet Zzz.] It will be observed that there is yet to come an additional train of *note* upon page 1014 [i.e., of the manuscript ?] You must contrive to manage so as that there may be at least four or five lines on each page of text. I shall contract the note as much as I can—and I hope by Monday to have *All the remaining copy in the Printing House*. 4 March 1791.’

(‘The first proofs if they survived might explain the instructions about the ‘train of note’).

‘If possible let us be *out* this month.’

‘Pray let Mr. Stuart find out & inform me exactly where the engraver lives, who cut the crest for the title-page of my *Tour*.’

2. 329 (first page of Uu)—‘The Qs &c in the [Revise *erased*] Proof of Uu shall be attended to on the Revise of next sheet.’ The explanation of this is not apparent. Perhaps Boswell has made some slip.

(3.254)—‘Don’t you know the *Stephani* the famous Printers !’—the name had been misprinted.

2. 345—‘N.B. P346 must not be laid on till I come and adjust the passage where Mr. Nichols is mentioned.’

This is in the first note on p. 346 (4. 36-37), which after quoting from Johnson’s letters to Nichols (about the *Lives of the Poets*) concludes :

See several more in “The Gentleman’s Magazine,” 1785.

Then followed :

That Mr. Nichols urged him to dispatch is evident from the following sentence in one of his Letters to Mrs. Thrale : “I have finished Prior ; so a fig for Mr. Nichols.”

Boswell removed this and substituted an encomium on Nichols’s zeal in preserving ‘every fragment of so great a man.’

2. 353 (4.48)—‘N.B. *This page* must not be laid on till I hear from Dr. Parr whether his name may be mentioned.’—‘N.B. Yy is to stand for a day or perhaps *two*. 12 Janry.’

This refers to the long note which is on pp. 352 and 353 (and therefore partly in Yy, partly in Zz) of the first edition (4.47-8 in Hill). The eulogy of Johnson quoted in the note was no doubt well known to be Parr’s ; and when Boswell writes of ‘the lustre of his reputation, honestly acquired by profound learning and vigorous eloquence,’ it is clear that the disguise is

merely pretended. But he would have liked to give Parr's name ; for he wrote to him on 10 January requesting ' to hear by return of post if I may say or guess that Dr. Parr is the editor of these tracts.' We must conclude that Parr preferred not to be named.

2. 387 (4.97)—Mr. Thomas Holles, the strenuous Whig. The name is so spelled in the revise.—

Q if not Hollis. See some magazine some years ago. I dare say it will be found in Mr. Baldwin's London Magazine. [Baldwin was Boswell's printer.] I am pretty sure it is Hollis. I think Brand-Hollis who took the name for an estate is fellow both of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. So you will see in a Red Book.'

The Memoirs of Thomas Brand-Hollis, Esq., F.R.S. and S.A. (1808) show that Thomas Hollis (' republican,' D.N.B.), who died in 1774, left his estates ' to his dear friend and fellow-traveller Thomas Brand.' Brand soon after assumed the name of Hollis.

2. 417—the printer has an innings : ' Sir—More Copy if you please.'

2. 505 and 512 (3.143).

' I could wish that the form in which p. 512 is were not thrown off, till I have an answer from Mr. Stone the gentleman mentioned in the note to tell me his Christian name, that I may call him Esq.'

The Christian name of Mr. Stone of Hackney remained unknown.

1. 474 (2.342)—a good example of Boswell's nice sense of the fine points of printing. When Johnson said, " No ; Charles the Second was not such a man as——, (naming another King). He did not destroy his father's will," Boswell's comment is ' Make the——a little longer ' (*i.e.* more suggestive of " George II.")

There are many others. 2.170, on a date, September 23, he remarks, ' The figure 3 seems larger than the figure 2.' He seems not to have realised that (in the types of that time) 3 is always a " descender."

2. 230 he attacks the question whether there should be a mark of interrogation at the end of the sentence

" Does not St. Paul say, ' I have fought the good fight of faith, I have finished my course ; henceforth is laid up for me a crown of life ' ? "

So the reader wished to print.

Boswell : ' I am not sure whether there should be a full stop, or point of interrogation at *life*. Do as you will. But it seems strange to me as it is a quotation affirmative.'

2. 354 (4.50)—the Palace of Holy-[end of line] Rood House. *Boswell* : ' I wish Holyrood House could be in one line. I now see how.' The *how* was by inserting *Royal* before *Palace*.

2. 356 ' Why *two* catchwords ? '. The catchwords are *I then*. Boswell, not knowing the printer's notion that *I* is too inconspicuous for this purpose, deleted *then*. The printer, of course, ignored the correction.

2. 477—end of 1783, followed by

And now I am arrived at the last year of the life of SAMUEL JOHNSON.

‘ Make a little more White between the years.’

1. 50 (1.113)—the title of the ode *Ad Urbanum*. *Boswell*: ‘ Ad Urbanum must have the asterisk* to mark it.’

The Reader: ‘ Should not the distinguishing asterisk be *prefixed* thus **Ad Urbanum* ? ’ *Boswell*: ‘ No. I think it would appear awkward.’

(The asterisk, it will be remembered, indicates writings of which Johnson acknowledged the authorship).

(*To be concluded*)

ON THE POEMS OF HENRY VAUGHAN

By EDMUND BLUNDEN

WHEREVER the question of the survival of the best in poetry without the assistance of biographers and popularisers is being debated, the instance of Henry Vaughan should not be left out. His present fame is one of the best practical arguments for the belief that the good thing is strong enough to pass through all the obstacles and shadows of a period into a permanent and conspicuous renown.

Through night at first it will rejoice,
And travel into day,
Pursuing, with a still small voice,
That light that leads the way.

Campion, Traherne, Christopher Smart, Blake, Clare—these all reveal at a glance the mysterious, silent evolution of poetic fame, and Vaughan is with them, illustrating perhaps more vividly than the others the same strangely beautiful theme, the seed growing secretly. In 1847, when H. F. Lyte edited Pickering's pretty pseudo-antique volume of Vaughan's *Sacred Poems*, he began by presuming that "a desire will naturally arise to know something respecting the Author"; and as it was nearly two centuries since anything of importance had been printed by or about Vaughan, this was no idle presumption. The seventeenth-century country doctor, however, had not suffered by the long period of inanition. The present day sees him as a standard author, or very nearly; besides a number of small reprints, he has been splendidly produced in 1896, in 1915 and again in 1924. The reverence and love which many feel towards him in this late age have been perfectly expressed in a sonnet *At the Grave of Henry Vaughan*, printed without the author's name in *THE LONDON MERCURY*, and generally recognised as Mr. Sassoon's.

Without any profound interest in reputation after death (and in his life he seems to have desired at most the simple rewards of a worthy doctor), Vaughan gives us to feel that he was aware of his chances in the eventual history of Britain. He never lifts his voice in imitation of the Horatian or Ovidian trumpet-call, claiming monuments more solid than bronze and one-half of round eternity; but his natural quietness is deeply impressive as he addresses his serious intimacies "Ad Posteror." Since this autobiographical hint has not yet been translated, to the best of my knowledge, from Vaughan's Latin elegiacs, a rendering might be seasonable in this place. The poem is prefixed to *Olor Iscanus*, 1651, when Vaughan was thirty years old and anticipated an early death; it is written

in "a sort of riddling terms," yet not so cryptic as to shelter Vaughan from any hostile Latinist of the republican camp :

TO AFTER AGES

Time soon forgets ; and yet I would not have
 This present wholly mouldering in the grave.
 Hear then, posterity ; from Wales I drew
 My life, and first its airy mountains knew
 And Usk below them winding ; then I went
 To learned Herbert's kind encouragement,
 Herbert, the pride of our Latinity ;
 Six years with double gifts he guided me.
 Method and love, and mind and hand conspired,
 Nor ever flagged his mind, nor his hand tired.
 This was my shaping season ; but the times
 In which it fell were torn with public crimes ;
 I lived when England against England waged.
 War, and the Church and State like furies raged.
 Through happy fields went these demented foes,
 And the coarse rush beat down the holy rose ;
 They fouled the fountains, peace died gasping there,
 Glooms wept above and masked heaven's glistening air.
 But Honour led me, and a pious heart :
 In this great ravenous heat I had no part ;
 It was my faith, that guiltless blood may cry
 Aloud, and has a power which does not die.
 My mother's pure and patient pattern showed
 How best with weeping I should bear my load ;
 So never with wild insults did I smite
 The Holy down ; my heart and hand were white.
 Forbear, O friend, to ask me more than this ;
 Let the wise weigh my words ; the fool may miss.

The sense of his real importance, calm and free from pride, is even more definitely worded in a Latin epigram to the Rector of Llangattock who educated Vaughan and his brother. It may be suggested that Vaughan had in his mind some mystical or medical works rather than his verse as the cause of his posthumous note. This is improbable, since in *Olor Iscanus* his review of the poverty of poets includes himself as a poet :

Nature (it seems) when she meant us for Earth
 Spent so much of her treasure in the birth
 As ever after niggards her, and Shee,
 Thus stor'd within, beggars us outwardly.

And at that date his friends evidently looked upon him as the great promise of the new poetry : his astrology and medicine were not ignored, but his sparkling poetical light attracted them more. As Keats, then, perhaps with his eye on Cook's generous duodecimo array of British bards, dared to set a value on his own verse, "I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death," so Vaughan ventured a prophecy in the lines following :

TO HIS OLD SCHOOLMASTER AND EVER HONOURED
MR. MATTHEW HERBERT

Mere life, my Matthew, from my father came ;
 Soon it must vanish, and the giver's name.
 Thy watchful wisdom did much more, and gave
 My name (else doomed) to bloom above my grave.
 Share then your pupil ! let this brief life be
 My father's, and that future life for thee.

The combination of physician and poet is frequent in our literary history, but not many versificative doctors have used their medical knowledge as a source of metaphor. "Henry Vaughan, M.D.," and a little brass plate on the surgery door, must sometimes occur to the fancy as one reads *Silex Scintillans*. In the preliminary poem he represents that he comes to mix an eye-salve for the blinde "; elsewhere he compares the servants of the Lord to

harmless violets, which give
 Their virtues here
 For salves and syrups, while they live

surely most delightful physic !) ; he loves his flowers which
 sweetly living (fie on men !)
 Are when dead medicinal then.

God is to him a doctor :

Thy care and love, which joyntly flow,
 New Cordials, new *Cathartics* deal.

His appeal is urged like that of a patient, one who knows what is wrong :

Frustrate those cancerous, close arts
 Which cause solution in all parts.

In the poem *Affliction* Vaughan's profession and observation lead him to the same conception : trouble is man's medicine, the " pills that change sick Accessions into settled health " (" access " was the proper term for paroxysm). He holds that " sickness is wholesome," and that " vicissitude plaices all the game " ; which sounds very much like his method of consoling the ailing Silurians, as he gave " a sugerd Dosis of Wormwood," and secretly reflected that

we hourly breathe decays,
 And our best *note* and highest *ease*
 Is but meer changing of the *keys*
 And a *Consumption* that doth please.

Even in trifling phrases we see the idiom of the physician : " When all his frame is but one dramme," " Heaven extracted," " Be sure, and never miss, to wash your vessel well," " Hearts, whose Pulse beats still for light," one might make a lengthy list. Once or twice he combines his politics with his medical interest, and, thinking of the Puritans, calls on himself to

"spit out their phlegm," no doubt caused by nitrous theology, and "fill thy breast with home."

How far Vaughan travelled in hermetic philosophy or magic, of which physic was the first stage, and whether it was all fantasy, chimera, self-deception, may be left to scientific commentators; but I shall point out the strange ubiquity of his "philosophical" notions in his poetry. In the poem *Vanity of Spirit* he appears to claim great discoveries:

I summon'd nature; pierc'd through all her store;
Broke up some seales, which none had touch'd before,

but nobody records what these results were—doubtless some sort of post-script to Paracelsus. Centration, resentients, the elixir are part of his programme. Magnetism as a vast operant in the universe certainly captured his imagination and probably gave him motives for definite experiments. With him, magnetism is not only seen where the needle turns to the north, but also where the cockerel prepares for the coming day, and some flowers at night are turned to the east. The whole of *The Starre* is a magnetical poem. The star is attracted by some "subject" on earth, a subject with the qualities of health and desire:

These are the Magnets, which so strongly move
And work all night upon thy light and love.

So, he dares to conclude, God is attracted to the heart of man; and presently he repeats the figure in a remarkable enigmatic lyric, curiously called *The Queer*. By what means comes heavenly joy to earth?

Sure, *holyness* the *Magnet* is,
And *Love* the *Lure*, that woos thee down:
Which makes the high transcendent bliss
Of knowing thee, so rarely known.

His magnetic theory probably embraces the mysterious interplay and communication between things apparently inanimate, which give such depth and presence to many of his simple-seeming verses:

Absents within the *Line* Conspire, and *Sense*
Things distant doth unite.

The *Line* must be some presumed line of magnetic influence: the *Sense* is explained by the following lines:

Herbs sleeps unto the *East*, and some fowles thence
Watch the Returns of light.

It is a matter on which Vaughan would have enjoyed a consultation with W. H. Hudson. He delights to feel that there is a secret energy and intelligence in what looks lifeless, an infallible wisdom in what a hasty observer might have dismissed as "nature's scorn." He triumphs in St. Paul's verse, "For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God"; he even envies "a stone, or tree, or flowre by pedigree, or some poor high-way herb, or Spring to flow, or bird to sing"

because of their uninterrupted intentness towards the coming of the Creator :

Each Bush and *Oak* doth know I AM.

He has moments when man's elaborate reasoning and way of life are as dull and sapless to him as a clock ; when even our attempts at astronomy annoy him, and he confides to the silent stars, how man

Perhaps some nights will watch with you, and peep

When it were best to sleep ;

Dares know Effects, and Judge them long before,

When th' herb he treads knows much, much more.

This doctrine is more fully set forth in the poem *Man*, a contrast between humanity restlessly reasoning, and Nature tranquilly instinctive :

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,

Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,

Which in the darkest nights point to their homes

By some hid sense their Maker gave.

But even man (and this is Hudsonian enough) is allowed by Vaughan to have in him, however obscured, some such unnamed automatic sense ; and when he utters his wonderful death-chant over *The Timber* (a piece of sublimity ruined in the close by his stooping to truth and moralizing his song), he makes a sombre harmony between the fallen tree "resenting" great storms while still afar, and a man's body when the slayer is brought to it :

So murdered man, when lovely life is done,

And his blood freez'd, keeps in the Center still

Some secret sense, which makes the dead blood run

At his approach that did the body kill.

Superstition or scientific truth, the secret power in which Vaughan had such faith, is the essence of his poetry. Nor should a modern mind, however gifted and equipped, too swiftly attach the label of superstition to Vaughan's glimmering theories, in view of Vaughan's actual words respecting them. He seldom claims any credit, but he modestly demands to be numbered among serious enquirers—"scientists" may not be too high a term :

I, whose search lov'd not to peep and peer

I' th' face of things.

And in the striking poem *The Stone* (its effect dies away after a powerful opening, as so often happens with Vaughan), there is a statement not easy to interpret unless we diagnose an actual experiment or experience. *The Stone* is headed with a reference to the book of Joshua, who, raising a stone by the sanctuary, declared, "It hath heard all the words of the Lord which He spake unto us ; it shall be therefore a witness. . . ." But Vaughan uses that only as a background to something of his own. The poem opens with the excitement of some plot perfectly conceived, but

where shall it be executed ? Vaughan invents the situation, then reveals why he could never take advantage of it, never feel undetected :

But I alas !
Was shown one day in a strange glass
That busie commerce kept between
God and His creatures, though unseen.
They hear, see, speak,
And into loud discoveries break,
As loud as blood.

What the strange glass was may rank as a mystery with what the Sirens sang ; it may have been an apparition, such as are said to betray even ancient crime ; but of Vaughan's sincerity and reverence for truth there can be no doubt, and his words are direct.

And what is the " large dusky glasse " in the hand of Time through which Vaughan was able to catch a glimpse of the book of life ? There are several allusions in his work, crying out for the help of the ingenious. The various uses of the word " line " require an Augustus de Morgan, who perhaps considered Vaughan and his brother as candidates for the " Budget of Paradoxes." There is the line astrological, the line magnetical, the line of Eden or of Death ; but only those who know the earlier systems of science can identify these. The lines describing the Bible as

The mount, whose white Ascendents may
Be in conjunction with true light

is not explained by the New English Dictionary's reduction of " ascendents " to " summits." Here, perhaps " ascendents " are those who ascend, and not mathematical abstractions ; they are " white " as all Vaughan's innocent figures are in the region of " white," " celestial " thoughts." A greater puzzle is thrust in the reader's way in the very first poem of *Silex Scintillans*, nor has any complete solution yet appeared. Old Quarles was good enough to clear up any " hard words " in his *Emblems* : Vaughan is well pleased to leave his little cryptogram without a key, other than the title *Regeneration*. To examine it in detail is a pleasant obligation upon Vaughan's admirers, for it seems to be the definitive record of his passing from the circle of wits and rufflers into the spiritual world.

Regeneration opens with a view of Vaughan, as yet worldly, on the primrose path. Suddenly he becomes aware of the falsity of his freedom and his pleasure fades into a bleak and desolate journey. He weeps, he sighs, and climbs upward through rocks and snow to what he calls " the pinnacle," which we may consider the emblem of a moment of decision. At this point, oddly like some fortunate discovery in Jules Verne, " a pair of scales " is found, in which he weighs his former gay habits against the discomforts of his recent arduous climb, and assures himself that the gay habits were the greater burden. " With that, some cryed, Away " these sudden guides led him East, to Bethel, and the regions of Old

Testament vision—his own poetic field. Here he entered a tall and thick “grove,” perhaps symbolizing a closer walk with God; he found in it a rich and sunny springtime, yet perceived its beauty imperfectly; “Thus fed my Eyes, but all the Eare lay hush.” The Ear heard only a little fountain (perhaps “true, unfeigned verse”?), in which some bright round stones were dancing (George Herbert’s poems?), and some ill-shaped, dull ones lay inert at the bottom; recognisable as the “weak and lean conceptions” of imitators of Herbert, stigmatized in Vaughan’s preface. But the allegorist himself says “he wondered much” over the meaning of these stones, and then his attention was diverted by a bank of flowers, some of them asleep in spite of the midday sun; this perversity also astonished him, nor had he accounted for it when he heard “a rushing wind.” This spirit-wind seemed to move no leaf, and once again his mind sought a solution, when he heard the whisper *Where I please* and, realising at length his luck and the power of prayer, begged to be visited by the regenerative breath.

Dispersed through *Silex Scintillans* are a number of poems which in place of titles have the mark ¶. These are all elegies, though not all refer to the same deaths. “Thou that know’st for whom I mourne” (“Thou” is God) commemorates a youth of pure and steady faith, perhaps twenty years old—thought to be a brother. The next three elegies concern the same youth, and in one of them he is pretty certainly identified by the lines,

And now the spirit, not the dust,
Must be thy brother.

In that piece Vaughan confesses that though he longs to recall his brother’s spiritual glory on his deathbed, he succeeds only in remembering his physical appearance. In a fifth poem he writes sadly that the physical contact is a necessary element in remembrance:

Sure, there’s a tye of Bodyes! and as they
Dissolve with it to Clay,
Love languisheth, and memory doth rust
O’r-cast with that cold dust;

he concludes with the determination not to let this happen to his own love for his brother. And at the end of the original *Silex* (now Part I), last of the poems except the due concluding reference to God, stands a poem of great beauty, proving that his affection had not withered—an allegory of a flower in winter, not dead but sheltered, warm, fresh and green below. The first edition of *Silex* appeared in 1650, the second with the large and rich second part in 1655. In Part II after two poems on the Ascension, the ¶ series is resumed with the justly celebrated evening-piece, “They are all gone into the world of light.” The dead friends who were then beyond the evening star may be met with in the secular poems of Vaughan, Mr. R.W. slain in the late unfortunate differences at *Routon* Heath, near *Chester*, 1645” is there finely characterised, and commemorated for a

"loyall upright life, and gallant End." In 1648 Mr. R. Hall had been killed in action at Pontefract, and the variety of his talents and graces are richly depicted by Vaughan. Towards 1650 Vaughan's brother had died after a saintly, brief existence. In 1653 Charles Walbeoffe, to whose heart the poet "had the key," followed these; and Vaughan in his threnody uses an expression which discloses the maturing mood and occasion of his greatest elegy, for he says of Walbeoffe's mind:

Busie, but sacred thoughts (like *Bees*) did still
Within it stirr, and strive unto that Hill,
Where redeem'd Spirits evermore alive
After their Work is done, ascend and *Hive*.

There are many threads and clues which connect the poems of Vaughan and make it more fruitful to read his work as a whole than in separate examples. His unhurrying zeal for his great secrets, his constancy in variety give him a right to be regarded on a higher plane than the casual brilliant talents of his time. Who can refuse to call him great when the light of childhood appears in his work, as it so often does, with its double beauty of earth and of heaven undwindled, unsullied? For him, the childhood of the world and his own childhood were of one order; he may be mentioning only one, but full experience of his work discloses that he always thinks of them both. The origin of this no doubt was that when a child he had been so deeply pleased with the pristine stories and scenery of the Old Testament that to look back later was to see childhood in the gleams and fragrances of that pleasure.

In *Religion* this happy co-existence and scripture truth come before us at the outset, as though we were entering a gallery of landscapes by Claude. The poem is a glimpse of the sunny expanse of Genesis, with Angels and Oaks and Fountains and Tents, and patriarchs with their bread and oil in the foreground, and dark green forests and gilded evening clouds on the shining sky behind. Then the light is suddenly obscured by the knowledge that the times have changed; but from page to page new hints are given of Israel's children:

where often they
In those calme, golden Evenings lay
Watring their flocks,

of Vaughan's childhood:

I've lost
A traine of lights, which in those Sun-shine dayes
Were my sure guides,

until we are admitted to the union and symphony of these retrospects in *The Retreat*.

Probably this poem is that by which Vaughan is best known, and those who know it will recognise the resemblance of its subject to that of Wordsworth's more sumptuous *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*. It may be difficult to name any other poems directly indebted to *The Retreat*, but

there are many parallels. Lamb's dream in prose, *The Child Angel*, appears to have turned upon a reminiscence of Vaughan. For Vaughan's unusual word occurs in the essayist's glad fancy: the Child Angel's "white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but, wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, anon it was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering—still caught by angel hands—for ever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigour of heaven."

But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright *shootes* of everlastingnesse.

There is a general strange correspondence between the essay and the poem: yet not so strange, for what was Elia also by his own confession but a man in love with his childhood? "The impressions of infancy had burnt into him." Had Vaughan been able to see Lamb's *Blakesmoor* and *Old Benchers*—"In those days I saw Gods, as 'old men covered with a mantle'; walking upon the earth"—Lamb would have had one more worshipper, worthier than all. Nor Lamb only—Hazlitt with his rich lamenting love of his childhood, in such papers as *On the Past and the Future*, and *Why Distant Objects Please*, must have awakened a strain of beatitude in the soul of the Silurist. Those were men of Vaughan's quality; and, to name one more in connection with the genius of childhood, Bunyan would have been congenial with these. Vaughan lived long enough to see (though history does not here assist with positive record) the Delectable Mountains and the Land of Beulah in the perspective glass of the phenomenal tinker.

Once revealed with the clarity of *The Retreate*, the picture of life's morning and the age of miracles is often revived by a word or two in the poems. The Eden-sense, the Eden-nakedness haunt Vaughan's book. The very word "young" is henceforward charged with a curious pathos in his mind:

The Angel shewed that holy well
Which freed poor *Hagar* from her fears,
And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
Of young, distressed *Ishmael*.

The Rainbow "still young and fine" indeed makes his heart leap up, for it is a link as bright and uncorroded as he could wish with "the youthful world"; at once against all the glory he sees the forms of prophets who spoke with angels. His infant freshness seems restored:

When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
Storms turn to musick, clouds to smiles and air:
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers;

once more he is walking the Holy Land. He tells us he shuns the city because:

If Eden be on earth at all,
'Tis that which we the Country call.

His poem to the Bible opens with the same early natural love, for it was childhood's book :

Thou wert the first put in my hand,
When yet I could not understand,
And daily didst my young eyes lead
To letters, till I learnt to read.

And, lastly, in two fine poems *Childe-hood* and *Looking Back*, the emotion of *The Retreat* revisits him, and he drinks the morning air. Brief as he is, he speaks volumes for

An age of mysteries ! which he
Must live twice that would God's face see ;
Which *Angels* guard, and with it play,
Angels ! which foul men drive away.

There is no one living who would not gladly receive his inspiration as this man received.

Living with this prismatic lustre so often about him, Vaughan nevertheless was not uninterested in the actualities of his day. In his early manhood, he had seen fighting, and plainly shows in his elegy upon R. Hall that he understood siege warfare in detail.

The glorious poem *Peace* is evidently the outflash of war experience, " the winged Sentries," " the Beauteous files," " thy fortress, and thy ease " all arising from his own military education. And when actual warfare no longer claims him and his countrymen, he continues to feel a vivid anxiety in the dissensions of religion and statecraft. *The British Church* under Parliament in his view looks like the soldiers parting Christ's garments, and the wild boars rooting up the lilies. He stands firm by the Communion service, and admonishes all attempts to reduce the mystical atmosphere and circumstance of it :

Some sit to Thee, and eat
Thy Body as their Common meat.

He suspects all " higher criticism " :

The forgeries, which impious wit
And power force on Holy Writ,
With all detestable designs
That may dishonour those pure lines.

" How dark it is ! " he cries, thinking of the sufferings of the older clergy ; and after several hints of his despair he goes so far as to write a complete valediction *To Christian Religion*, anticipating the total obscuration of its light in England, and its new era elsewhere :

A Seer that observed thee in
Thy course, and watched the growth of Sin,
Hath given his judgment, and foretold,
That Westward hence thy course will hold ;
And when the day with us is done,
There fix and shine a glorious Sun.

Where Vaughan stood in religion may be judged by the fact that he protests against the Puritans, because they "abolished the celebration of Christmas" (and indeed he hints that they will have a warm reception in the next world for it): also, that he addresses some serious criticisms to a lady on her celebrating that season in the good old way. He is, in fact, a determined Churchman. He finds such blessing in worship that he is intolerant of any common gaiety; and in this austerity one does not follow him easily to-day. When he would darken the Christmas feast:

Could you wear flowers, and roses strow
Blushing upon your breast's warm snow,
That very dress your lightness will
Rebuke, and wither at the ill,

he surely runs amuck with his convictions. He is constantly rebuking his younger self for presumed sowing of wild oats, but when he comes to details, we find that it is a few games of bowls, or a scarf or a pair of gloves, perhaps an occasional half-pint of sack which he so strongly condemns. Even the way in which a bride of fashion dresses her hair disturbs him; he ironically challenges the effect of "*rowles* and *Curles*," and as for the swashbuckling bridegroom, his new oaths and his "needless, loud retinue," he is not afraid of him. Like a pious Japanese, he sees nothing in dancing except a "vain sinful Art" and "lewd loath'd *Motions*"; he deliberately calls the accompanying music "sounds" (elsewhere, "the lascivious Musick of *Fidlers*, which only Cloy and weary the ears.") And this in the pre-saxophone period. I do not know whether Vaughan had London or Brecon in mind when he assailed the shops, purveying

The latest modes of pride and lust,

and commented that "the rich made way to buy, the poor came to adore."

But all these expressions of disfavour were part of a passionate distress of mind respecting the age as a whole. The autobiographical epitome translated above shows us that predominant mood, and it breaks forth in sighs through his poems. Staring at *The Constellation* wheeling royally through the night, he is impelled to cry out on the contrasted distemper of England's wars:

But here Commission'd by a black self-will
The sons the father kill,
The children Chase the mother, and would heal
The wounds they give by crying zeale.

He lays the blame for the wars upon "our lusts," and prays still that the nation may learn from the stars the course of order. Nevertheless, when he is asked by the republicans to compromise, he opens his batteries; "Be still, black Parasites"; he is sure which order he prefers. Even as he delights in the childhood of the rainbow, the wickedness and maladministration of Parliament embitter him, and the "peaceful, signal bow" is transformed into a Comet portending a rain of fire and brimstone on a public given up to bloodshed and the bottle, while allusions to Cain, Lot's

daughters, and Sodom fly swiftly round. He preaches in profound sincerity against dynasts in the poem *Abel's blood*, anticipating what Gray less convincingly phrases in the *Elegy* :

What thunders shall those men arraign
Who cannot count those they have slain,
Who bathe not in a shallow flood,
But in a deep, wide sea of blood ?
A sea, whose lowd waves cannot sleep,
But *Deep* still calleth unto *deep* :
Whose urgent *sound*, like unto that
Of *many waters*, beateth at
The everlasting doors above,
Where souls behind the altar move,
And with one strong, incessant cry
Inquire *How long ?* of the most High.

The poem gives him a place in that most honourable and perhaps smallest anthology of all, the anthology of poems protesting against war.

The abrupt confusions of his times and his opinions of the authors of them are frequently noted in the few prose works which Vaughan put forth between 1652 and 1655. The treatment which his brother Thomas (ejected from his living for royalist activities) had just met with, together with the violent deaths of his friends, played upon him stormily, and he was for the time being a man with a grievance. Indignation bade him challenge the "usurers," "usurpers," and go on challenging. In his *Mount of Olives*, for example, he begins in the preface with such words as "Let the people and their Seducers rage," and he inserts two long prayers, "in time of persecution and Heresie," and "in adversity, and troubles occasioned by our Enemies," giving the Creator his frank estimate of parliamentary ecclesiastical commissioners and their works :

The wages of *Zion* do mourne, our beautiful gates are shut up, and the Comforter that should relieve our souls is gone from us. Thy Service and thy Sabbaths, thy own sacred Institutions and the pledges of thy love are denied unto us ; Thy Ministers are trodden down, and the basest of the people are set up in thy holy place.

He does still better in this daring style :

Thou seest, O, God, how furious and Implacable mine Enemies are, they have not only rob'd me of that portion and provision which thou hadst graciously given me, but they have also washed their hands in the blood of my friends, my dearest and nearest relatives Though they persecute me unto death, and pant after the very dust upon the heads of thy poore, though they have taken the bread out of the children's mouth, and have made me a desolation, yet Lord, give me thy grace, and such a measure of charity as may fully forgive them.

In another page, describing the events leading to Charles I's execution and the Protectorate in terms of proud horror, he even hazards that the end of the world must be "not far off." And certainly Wales, owing to the Act for the Propagation of the Gospel there,

[is] a land of darknesse. . . where the Inhabitants sit in the shadow of death : where destruction passeth for propagation, and a thick black night for the glorious day-spring.

Vaughan could not remain long in this state of wrath and invective ; even as he wrote the words just given, he added :

If this discourage thee, be pleased to remember, that there are bright starrs under the most palpable clouds, and light is never so beautiful as in the presence of darkness.

It was 1652 ; he had forty years to come beside the Usk and among the hills, where the noise of civil commotion was never tremendous, and quickly faded into a drowsy whisper. Perhaps it is not unworthy to notice that the sense of gardens and flower-beds seems to grow upon us in the later pages of *Silex Scintillans* and in that part of *Thalia Rediviva* which belongs to his retirement. Quickly he found his harmony. *The Bird* comes over the hedge with morning music : he listens in joy, but still thinks of " some dark fowls " abroad in troubled England making night hideous ; at length he is at peace and can hear only " the turtle's voice " :

Hark ! how the winds have changed their note,
And with warm whispers call thee out.

He knows his bees, and among his books fancies himself like them among their herbs ; the writers of those books he likens to " old sage florists." Many times he mentions the Rose, and once he gives us a glimpse of a Viper among flowers, which may mean that we have lost another Colubriad. And still, as he looks on his flowery borders, he has his ideas of the meek inheriting the earth, and divines the secret patrol of God :

O what kind visits daily pass
"Twixt thy great Self and such poor grass !
With what sweet looks doth thy love shine
On those low violets of thine,
While the tall Tulip is accurst
And Crowns Imperial dye with thirst !

With this leisure and contemplation he combined his useful work and lonely journeys as a country doctor, and at length almost forgot that he had ever been of any other significance to the world. In 1673 he wrote to John Aubrey that his profession was physic and that he had a successful practice " and a repute big enough for a person of greater parts than my selfe "—but as for other distinctions, " I am highly obliged to you that you would be pleased to remember, and reflect upon such low and forgotten things, as my brother and my selfe." This great modesty or singular out-growth prevails in the other surviving letters of his last twenty years.

Seemingly the latest poem of his which survives is the uneven but graceful elegy on his brother's death in 1666 ; published twelve years after in *Thalia Rediviva*. Since Vaughan was aware of the preparation of that volume and friendly to it, we must suppose that the maturer poems in it are all that he had to contribute, and that he cannot have withheld any

important piece. For his last thirty years, therefore, he was silent. The fact has not been much noticed, or explained ; Lyte conjectures that the public neglect of his *Silex Scintillans*, together with his illness and his shattered friendships, robbed him of the desire to continue. Remembering Herman Melville, and the comparative darkness and muteness ensuing after the lightning of *Moby Dick* one is more inclined to believe that Vaughan had found himself on such sudden heights of vision that afterwards he knew his day had come and gone. The inmost leaf, in Melville's image, had unfolded and the flower quietly fell to the ground. And, indeed, a man cannot expect to go on saying

I saw Eternity the other night ;

after that, it is healthy for him to do as Vaughan did, and dig the garden or go fishing.

I have suggested that in the second part of *Silex Scintillans* and what few subsequent " pious thoughts and ejaculations " Vaughan gives us, we see the poet more and more in his garden, perhaps not only contemplating, but also supplying his " dispensatorie " with herbs and flowers. There is no greater obstacle to imagining that his rides and walks into the lonelier parts of the district, with physic and piety for his patients, brought him into closer intimacy with nature and landscape, of which also we discern a deeper and more varied spirit in his later pages. The Vaughan landscape is inimitable. Its clouds are so fleecy, its winds so eager to address and arouse man, its sunbeams so vital, its pasturing life so unalarmed and unalterable, that it needs no signature. Probably the inhabitants of his native vale could recognise the geography of it—" that drowsie Lake," the water-fall " there often I have sate," the " *clear heights* " which beacon it above the storm, " this restless, vocal *Spring*," are all from the life. And his birds and flowers too must be still familiar by the Usk, unless the raven has left his ancient rock. Rocks and caves are permitted to lend a terrible (and allegorical) aspect to this landscape now and then ; " mists and shadows hatch " from the low grounds, and in one of his masterpieces there is a famous gloomy grove.

But what are these ? mere proofs of his conquering radiance and calm. Vaughan's year has no winter ; " the frosts are past." If storms come over, the rainbow enchants them ; rain that falls there is " warm summer rain " as sweet as honey. The shadows are seldom more sinister than lily-shades. The mountain-top is twinkling with blossom. Over all, through all, light beams and smiles and purifies : " and, I pray, are not *light* and *life* compatriots ? " It is original light which inspires him, and hence he is not among the exceeding admirers of the moon, but to the sun and stars he makes his tireless response, from " fresh, spicie mornings " to " calme, golden Evenings " and through nights in which even " one twinkling ray shot o'er some cloud " is often a joy. The happy brilliance springing from poem after poem is no other than the white radiance of Eternity, and if one would attempt some account of Vaughan's

starry, fountained, infinite dream, one might fairly say that he has a Shelleian quickness and farness about him.

With that is ever compacted and connoted a simple humanity and common charity, Vaughan's daily self plodding along the flinty track. His kind watchfulness must have worked inestimable good among the cottages. We see his nature perfectly in such a detail (unobserved by himself) at his frequent introduction of a ruined cottage to symbolise his own unworthiness. He was no stranger to

a ruined peece
Not worth thy Eyes ;
And scarce a room, but wind and rain
Beat through, and stain
The seats, and Cells within.

In his *Rules and Lessons* his wholesome affection for the small calls and wants of life is displayed without reserve, and we seem to be accompanying him on his round, from enemy to friend, from cottage to inn, and home to lamplit reflection. Our love for him, warmed by this picture of humility in action, is even increased by those poems in which he speaks with nature familiarly and reverently—*The Bird, Cock-Crowing, The Book, The Ass, Palm-Sunday*. Harmlessness, unquestioning reliance on nature, a simple cleanness and well-being—these things delight him, and the consciousness that there is a sense in a bird or a bee which man has almost lost adds a mystical quality to his Franciscan companionship.

In the union of the temporal with the immortal, this world and the world beyond, Vaughan obtains an early hold upon his reader, and is able to suggest strange and celestial concords by the simplest references to our experience here. Simplicity is a perfection arising from so complicated an interflow of gifts and decisions that criticism seldom endeavours to analyse it. I shall not. I know, and passionately and amazedly rejoice in, the greatness of the poet who can produce "the Platonic reminiscence," in semblance of a child sweetheart, that has not yet

walked above
A mile or two from my first love.

Such a flower of ages is not a stroke of luck in Vaughan, but again and again he shows us how easy it is to call up spirits. His tears insist in heaven, and

As rain here at our windows beats,
Chide in thine Ears ;

he is sure that the Second Coming will be in the hour of dawn, because that is the natural time :

Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepie Planets set and slumber,
The pursie Clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter ;
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning-star.

As we read, the star seems about to break forth into the personal revelation of God. Who but this Vaughan writes so often of the present deity—and even whimsically, from his rare festivity, complains :

If thou steal in amidst the mirth
And kindly tell me, *I am earth*,
I shut thee out, and let that slip,
Such Musick spoils good fellowship ?

or have we among our delimited, penetrative and scientifically equipped poetic enquirers any that find greater significance in a day's march than Vaughan in *The Shower* :

Waters above ! Eternal springs !
The dew that silvers the Dove's wings ! ?

This man going about the countryside alone, who laments the age when man had speech with angels, but who seems to us to have come very close to the mystery so described, can have had little desire to publish his poems at all, and probably that is the reason why his *ars poetica* is not so great as his inspiration and exaltation. His verse is chiefly the intimate record of his spiritual life. It never aimed for the laurels of reputation. We receive it therefore with all its imperfections, driftings of argument, weakenings of phrase, disjunctions of rhythm, and often a decline from some sublime opening to pedestrian insipidity. Admiration for Herbert's adroit cat's-cradles of versification sometimes caused Vaughan to imitate with unhappy results, as in the clockwork versicles at the end of *The Search*. In metre Vaughan had one gift or talent and no more ; for iambic verse, and particularly for the eight-syllable couplet. This measure, of which he is a master, conveys the majority of his finest ideas. Its quick yet strong flow apparently suited with the rate of his deciphering mood into language, distilling language into poetic elixir. So long as he is employing octo-syllables his thought advances vigorously and clearly, and is strengthened by apt modifications of accent and sound. Nothing could be more expressive than (in their contexts) the shortened line describing his realisation that stones are not dead matter :

They héar, séc, spéak.

that in *Childe-hood* suddenly questioning,

Why should mén lóve
A wolf, more than a Lamb or Dove ?

There are several of these powerful abruptnesses in *Abel's blood* :

Sad, purple well ! whose bubbling eye
Did first against a Murth'rer cry ;
Whose streams, still vocal still complain
Of bloody *Cain*——

What a vehemence is in that ending !

In respect of vocabulary and general use of language, Vaughan anticipates the theory of Wordsworth, selecting from the language of the

ordinary man, and having the air of one addressing us not through a book but rather by word of mouth. This is in keeping with his poetical creed (such a phrase, though convenient, scarcely has to do with Vaughan), with his philosophy of life altogether :

The creature's Jubile ; God's parle with dust ;
Heaven here ; Man on those hills of Myrrh and flowers ;

he will not need high-sounding expressions, but discover the gleam in ordinary ones. If he goes beyond this diction, it is in such a page where his especial hint or illustration is derived from a scientific or technical source, and so requires a special term ; occasionally he uses a Latinism, as " voices " in the sense of " opinion " ; and where intensity requires a flash of audacity he will often seize a noun and make it a verb ; so Christ " *heavened* their walks," or was not too proud to " *inn* " with man ; so the dew of regeneration " *Bloods and Spirits* all my Earth."

It has been common to couple the name of Vaughan with that of Herbert, his admired example, and certainly the list of verbal transferences from *The Temple* to the rougher edifice of *Silex Scintillans* is a long one. But despite those marks of an early fascination and initiation, despite Vaughan's repeated tributes to " Mr. *George Herbert* of blessed memory ; See his incomparable prophetick Poems, and particularly these : *Church-musick, Church-rents, and schisms, The Church militant,*" still time begins to distinguish between the master's ingenuity and the pupil's genius. Herbert seems usually to be concerned with putting things quaintly ; his piety is running an obstacle race ; no doubt God is the prize, but our attention is too much occupied with the feats and acrobatics on the course. Moreover, the object of his journey is God according to vestry arrangements ; a noble ideal, far finer than the blurred unvision of many of us, but narrow in comparison with Vaughan's solar, personal, firmamental, flower-whispering, rainbow-browed ubiquitous, magnetic Love. The elaborateness of Herbert's poetry cannot help him across the gulf between his sectarian purity and trust and that conjunction of all thoughts, all passions, all delights, that consciousness of the innumerable affinities of created and creator, of an advance of the entire system towards one serene and supreme discovery. " O knowing glorious Spirit ! " So one would perhaps borrow from Vaughan's verses a phrase to do justice to his memory ; but the certainty instantly supervenes that no such attribution could please him and that he was content to leave his body " above the voiceful windings of the river " with the unselfish sole remembrance on its sheltering stone :

" Servus inutilis,
Peccator maximus,
Hic iaceo.
Gloria ! † miserere ! "

CORRESPONDENCE

BOOK PRODUCTION

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—May I make a suggestion to Mr. B. H. Newdigate ?
 The idea of including "Book-Production Notes" in such a paper as yours is an excellent one, and the Notes might well serve to improve the general standard of Book Production. Yet it is more than doubtful whether they can achieve that end in their present form.

The general standard of book production is not improved because Fine Presses are taught to produce finer printing. It will be improved only when attention is given to the work of the general commercial printer. To print well at uneconomic rates, or for high-priced limited editions, is comparatively easy. It is a different matter to produce a novel of a hundred and twenty thousand words in such a way that it can be sold at a reasonable profit at 7s. 6d. and still be consistent with good workmanship and fine taste.

I would suggest that Mr. Newdigate should devote a part of his monthly article to the work that is being done towards raising the standard of production that has to be kept on a strictly commercial basis.—Yours, etc.

G. BELTON COBB.

6, Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, W.C.1.

"CHAPTER EIGHT"

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—In your number for October Mr. Wren Howard defends his firm from a charge of bad grammar which I ventured to make in noticing the typography of Mr. Holbrook Jackson's study of *William Morris*, published by Mr. Jonathan Cape. The offence lay in heading the chapters "Chapter One," "Chapter Two," and so on, with the use of the cardinal number instead of the ordinal. Mr. Howard claims that the use is justified by custom. So far from its being the custom, it is, I think, an innovation of quite recent date. Down to the end of the eighteenth century Vol. I, Book II, and so on, if spelt out, would always be printed "Volume the First," "Book the Second," which is grammatically correct. I doubt whether even by the end of the nineteenth century the offensive forms "Volume One," "Book Two," had as yet appeared. "Chapter Eight" will hardly be found anywhere before this present year of grace.

But Mr. Wren is thinking of colloquial rather than literary use. "One does not refer to matter as being on 'page the eighth' but on 'page eight.' Why then," he argues, "may we not print 'chapter eight'?" But we print, not "page eight," but "page 8"; and it might be urged that the chapters are ordered as logical divisions of the book, whereas the pages are merely numbered serially and accidentally. It is true that in common speech we do say "chapter 8"—or, if Mr. Howard likes, "chapter eight." But we say many other things which are quite unfit to print.—Yours, etc.

B. H. NEWDIGATE.

Stratford-upon-Avon.

AN APPEAL

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—This time last year you were kind enough to publish an appeal under my name for books to supplement prison libraries. This resulted in my obtaining some 2,000 volumes, many of them of first-class merit. Now I am trying to augment the Libraries of various Boys' and Youths' Clubs in the East End, and shall therefore be grateful for any good literature your readers may have to spare. I am sure they will refrain from sending either "goody-goody" books or those reeking with purple passion.—Yours, etc.

Toynbee Hall, 28, Commercial Street, London, E.1.

J. J. MALLON.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

Correspondence from readers on all subjects of bibliographical interest is invited. Our Correspondent will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him.

GENERAL NOTES

THE Cambridge University Press has issued (price 7s. 6d.) *A Bibliography of Sir Adolphus William Ward, 1837-1924*, by Mr. A. T. Bartholomew of the Cambridge University Library, and to this bibliography is prefixed a memoir of Ward by Professor T. F. Tout. Ward left instructions to his executors that no formal biography of him should be published. He had seen, I presume, too many men interred and forgotten in two volumes octavo. He suggested, however, that a bibliography of his writings might be of use to students, and it is the result of this suggestion that is now published. No better man could have been chosen for the task of compilation than Mr. Bartholomew, who is accustomed to, and skilled in, literary research and bibliography, and who was, moreover, intimately associated with Ward during those last years when he was at Cambridge as Master of Peterhouse. Ward's writings were numerous and varied, they included dramatic criticisms and other articles for newspapers and periodicals, lectures, contributions to Encyclopædias and to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and, of course, a large number of books. All these Mr. Bartholomew has listed in chronological order with the help of a notebook, containing a record of his literary activities, which Ward kept from 1860 until his death in 1924. Rightly enough, in a book of this kind, the entries are kept short, and no long collations are given; but, to me at least, it seems a great pity that no index has been added to the bibliography, for an index would have made this book much more valuable as a work of reference.

THE September issue of that excellent Quarterly, *The Library* (Oxford University Press, 15s. per annum), contains a long article by Mr. Arthur J. Hawkes on *The Birchley Hall Secret Press*, and a bibliography of some sixty-odd books believed to have been printed there. Mr. Hawkes maintains the existence of this secret press for printing Roman Catholic literature in the early seventeenth century, and believes that Birchley Hall was in fact its home. He further maintains that "*John Brereley, Priest*" was Lawrence Anderton (1575-1645) and not, as has been sometimes suggested, James Anderton. In this number of *The Library* there is also an article by Sir Frederic Kenyon on *The Papyrus Book*, in which he aims at bringing together all such general information about the use, sizes, etc., of papyri as can be taken as fully established as fact. Other papers in this issue are *Was Nicholas Udall the Author of 'Thersites'?* by Mr. A. R. Moon, and *Ralph Crane, Scrivener to the King's Players*, by Mr. F. P. Wilson.

ITEMS FROM THE BOOKSHOPS AND CATALOGUES

FROM Messrs. Maggs Brothers, of 34 & 35 Conduit Street, New Bond Street, W., I have received their catalogue number 478. It is chiefly devoted to books on Printing, Bibliography, Book-binding and the like, and has also a section of modern books from private presses. In all there are nearly seventeen hundred items in this list, and the first one of all is a thing of great interest. This is a single folio sheet,

bearing Anton Koberger's advertisement of the *Nuremberg Chronicle* of 1493. The advertisement is in Latin, and Messrs. Maggs, in their catalogue, give the following translation of its earlier part.

A Recommendation of The New Book of Illustrated Chronicles and the Europe of Aeneas Pius.

The great Good Fortune of the Ages has dawned upon us to-day, dear Reader, whichever you consider more important, the Universal Peace of the World or the Accomplishments of This Generation. But Nothing like this has hitherto appeared to increase and heighten the Delight of the Men of Learning and of everyone who has any education at all ; The New Book of Chronicles with its Pictures of Famous Men and Cities which has just been printed at The Expense of Generous Citizens of Nuremberg. Indeed I venture to promise you, Reader, so great Delight in reading it that you will think you are not reading a Series of Stories but looking at them with your own eyes. For you will see there not only portraits of Emperors, Popes, Philosophers, Poets, and other famous men, each pictured with the proper marks of his period, but also pictures of the most famous Cities and Places of all Europe, as each one began, flourished and continues to be. When you look upon all these Acts, Deeds, and Wise Sayings you will think them alive. Farewell, and do not let this book escape you.

After which follows a poem of twenty-four lines. This broadside is of very great rarity, and Messrs. Maggs say that only one other copy—that in the State library at Munich—is known. For the present copy they are asking £500.

MESSRS. PICKERING & CHATTO, of 1, King Street, St. James', S.W.1., have just sent me their two hundred and thirty-first list. This is part of a series containing books in English Literature arranged alphabetically, and it covers the entries from Ebenezer Elliott to Henry Glapthorne. Most of the books are of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and certain authors are particularly well represented. There are, for instance, about five pages of books by Henry Fielding, including the first editions of *Amelia*, 4 volumes, octavo, 1752, £28; of *Tom Jones* (first issue with the *Errata* list), 6 volumes, octavo, 1749, £120; and of a large number of the plays and other minor pieces. There are three attractive first quartos of plays by John Ford—*Perkin Warbeck*, 1634, £32; *The Ladies Triall*, 1639, £32; and *Love's Sacrifice*, 1633, £35. There is also a copy of Ford's *The Fancies Chast and Noble*, quarto, 1638, for £36. Among lesser eighteenth-century dramatists, Samuel Foote and David Garrick are, each of them, represented by a long list of works ranging in price from a few shillings to a few guineas a piece; and—to come to a more important author again—John Gay's writings are remarkably finely represented. There are, for example, first editions of *The Beggar's Opera*, octavo, 1728, £21; *Rural Sports*, folio, 1713, a presentation copy with Gay's own inscription "Mr. Gay's present to Mrs. Ascott," £45; *Trivia*, octavo [1716], a large and thick paper copy, £12 12s; *The What d'ye Call it*, octavo [1715], £10 10s.; and *The Wife of Bath*, small quarto, 1713, £18 18s. Another book that I cannot resist mentioning, before I leave this catalogue for another, is the first edition, octavo, 1674, of Thomas Flatman's *Poems and Songs*. Messrs. Pickering and Chatto append the following interesting bibliographical note on this rare book:

Both the Hoe and Huth catalogues give incorrect collations of this book. The first signature A consists of 7ll, A3 being cancelled. The present copy, never having been rebound, shews the "stub" of this cancelled leaf, which, judging from a fragment of a rule line visible, must have been an incorrectly printed title.

Sixteen Guineas is the price of this book.

THERE are many nice books in catalogue number 58 of Messrs. P. J. & A. E. Dobell, of 8, Bruton Street, New Bond Street, W.1. An uncut copy of Chatterton's *Poems Supposed to have been written at Bristol by Thomas Rowley and Others*, octavo, 1777, is priced at £4 4s.; and another uncut book is Sir William Davenant's *Poem Upon His Sacred Majesties Most Happy Return to his Dominions*, quarto, 1660, for which £18 18s. is asked. One item that interests me personally is a second edition of *The Epistles of Clio and Strephon, being a collection of letters that passed between an English Lady and an English Gentleman in France*, duodecimo, 1729. This book only costs half-a-guinea, but it attracts me more than many more valuable volumes, for I feel sure that "Clio" was a lady who would make an interesting study, could one find out much about her life. References to her are not at all uncommon in the twenties of the eighteenth century, she contributed poems to a Miscellany edited by Richard Savage, and she seems to have been well-known to many literary men about that time. If my memory does not play me a trick, it is in the book which Messrs. Dobell are now offering for sale, that the following *Song* by "Clio" appears:—

Foolish eyes, thy streams give over,
Wine, not water, binds the lover,
At the table then be shining,
Gay coquette, and all designing.
To th' addressing foplings bowing,
And thy smile, or hand, allowing,
Whine no more thy sacred passion,
Out of nature, out of fashion.

Let him, disappointed, find thee
False as he, nor dream to bind thee,
While he breaks all tender measures,
Murdering love, and all its pleasures.
Shall a look or word deceive thee,
Which he once an age shall give thee?
Oh! no more, no more excuse him,
Like a dull deserter use him.

"Clio" was certainly a woman of talent, but all I know about her was that she was a Mrs. Martha Sansom, that her maiden name was Fowke, and that she was born in 1690 and died in 1736.

MESSRS. ELKIN MATHEWS, LTD., of 4a Cork Street, W.1., have issued a catalogue (number 11) containing the *First Editions of Fifty Books Famous in English Literature*. This is not at all the ordinary bookseller's list, nor are the books all of them bookseller's favourites. The list makes all the better reading for that, and also for the fact that, after the description of each item, the catalogue has quoted the opinion of a famous critic (or of more than one) upon the particular book in question. I hardly know which of the fifty books to mention here—perhaps my best plan will be to mention that they include Matthew Arnold's *Essays on Criticism, Sense and Sensibility*, Barclay's *Apology for the Quakers*, *Lavengro*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Cowper's *Poems*, *Pickwick*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Tom Jones*, Fuller's *Worthies*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, *The Traveller*, *The Christian Year*, the *Essays of Elia*, Law's *Serious Call*, Locke on *The Human Understanding*, Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Fingal*, *Richard Feverel*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *The Wealth of Nations*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Treasure Island*, *In Memoriam*, *Vanity Fair* and the *Lyrical Ballads*. A catholic selection, indeed, and one that reflects a courageous and individual taste.

A NEW-COMER to the ranks of second-hand booksellers is the Shakespeare Head Press, of Stratford-on-Avon, which has recently issued its first catalogue. The books offered are miscellaneous in subject and in date, and among them is a longish series of editions printed by the Ashendene Press. Of these the Dante, 3 volumes, quarto, 1902-1905, costs £42, Spencer's *Faerie Queen*, folio, 1924, £25, and Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*, quarto, 1923, £40. All these are limited editions of 150 copies or less. This list also contains many more expensive books, and I wish the Shakespeare Head Press every success in its new sphere of activity.

AS usual, Messrs Frank Hollings, of 7, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.2., include a large number of first editions of living authors in their latest catalogue (number 146). I notice, in particular, that a complete set of the first editions of the books of Mr. James Stephens, eighteen volumes in all, is offered for £50. Two non-contemporary items are of considerable interest. One is a manuscript of Tennyson's *Lucretius*, written in his wife's handwriting, and containing no less than 29 variations from the text as printed in *The Holy Grail*. The price of this manuscript is £7 10s. The other item is a copy (price fourteen guineas) of Victor Hugo's *Napoleon le Petit*, presented first of all by Hugo to Henry Maret, and secondly by Swinburne to Watts-Dunton. Space, I fear, will prevent me from commenting any further upon this list.

A WELL-PRODUCED catalogue is the ninth published by Messrs. E. P. Goldschmidt & Co., of 45, Old Bond Street, W.1. This firm looks at books largely from the point of view of the student of typography and early printing, and more than seventy *incunabula* are included in their present catalogue. In the section of *Americana* there are two important items. One is a copy of an edition of Amerigo Vespucci's letter, *Von den Newen Insulen und landen*, printed at Leipsig by Martin Landsberg in 1506. Only two other copies of this quarto are known, that in the British Museum and that in the town Library of Nuremberg. This tract is of six leaves, and the present copy consists of four genuine leaves (1, 3, 4 and 6) discovered inside the binding of an old volume, and of two leaves (2 and 5) in facsimile. The price of this book is £225. The other book of special American interest is the *Introductorium Compendiosum in Tractatum Spere Materialis Magistri Joannis de Sacrobusto* of John of Glogau. It is a quarto of 72 leaves, printed at Cracow in 1506 by Joh Haller, and it contains a reference to the New World which has not previously—so this catalogue states—been recorded. This is specially interesting as the book was printed a year before Waldseemuller's *Cosmographiae Descriptio*. The reference to America is—in translation—as follows :

And the same thing is confirmed by those who, in the year 1501 and similarly in the year 1504, have been sent out by the King of Portugal to discover the origin of pepper and other aromatic spices of value. They sailed beyond the equator and saw both celestial hemispheres and their stars and they found the origin of pepper in a place which they called the New World, which country has always been unknown hitherto.

This refers, of course, to Vespucci's voyage. The price of this volume is also £225.

I. A. WILLIAMS

BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES

PELICAN TYPOGRAPHY

THE PELICAN PRESS has been the pioneer of so much that is new and striking and sometimes startling in modern English printing that its new specimen book, designed to advertise the peculiar outlook and resources of the Press, will be found full of interest as well as information even by printers who may be in no wise disposed to follow its fashions. The title, panelled in an elaborate design of blue rulings, pierced with cartouches at the head and tail, details the variety of its contents as—Type Specimens :

grouped, displayed and numbered for the ease of customers who desire a particular character and size.

¶ The written word and the printed word. Some tests for types. Concerning printers' flowers. The pioneer work of the Pelican Press. The points of a well made book. A glossary of printers' terms. Borders and initials.

¶ Second impression to which has been added examples of new faces.

In "The Written Word and the Printed Word" Mr. Meynell, its founder, "archi-typographer and manifesto-maker," tells once more the story of the debt owed by the early printers to the scribes, and traces the descent of our modern type-forms. He rightly gives credit to Alcuin of York for a principal share in the Carolingian revival ; but Alcuin was a great deal more than Charlemagne's "chief writer," and it is not certain that he was a calligrapher himself. "The Pioneer Work of the Pelican Press" is a summary of the "æsthetic-utilitarian principles" on which the style of the Press, founded just over ten years ago, has been formed. "Printers' Flowers" is an apology for the use of the ornaments which the Press and its founder have done so much to bring back into vogue : the "typefounders' closets were ransacked and a large collection amassed." His "Tests for Types" are seven : Legibility, "first, last, and all the time" ; Good Design ; Distinctiveness ; Suitability ; Equality of Colour—"Be of a 'colour' to harmonise with border and illustration" (that is a little like buying a horse to fit the collar) ; suitability of the paper to be used ; and Association. The types which would pass "all our tests for suitability" are these : Caslon Old Face, Plantin (Shanks), Plantin (Monotype), Cloister, Cloister Bold, Goudy Old Style, Goudy Bold, Goudy Modern, Goudy Open, Forum, Nicolas Cochin, plain and bold, Cochin, Fournier, Moreau, Garamond, Scotch Roman, Baskerville, Bodoni, Imprint, Narcissus, Italian, Naudin Outline, Neuland, Semisat, Koch Italic. These types are all shown amongst the Pelican specimens. "The Points of a Well-Made Book" include Margins, Type, Paper, Ornamentation, Presswork and Binding. There follows a vocabulary of "Technical Terms," taken from Luckombe's History of Printing with "modern additions." A note on the letters "J and W and U" is wrong in saying that "W is . . . a 17th century addition to the alphabet."

Many of the types canonized by Mr. Meynell as "suitable" for one purpose or another are so freakish that they will not long survive the wearing-off of their novelty. Nevertheless, it must be recognised that even the worst of them, like the Neuland, the Semisat, the Naudin, and the Koch Italic, show a certain devilish cleverness in their design. But as serious helps to good printing—*non ragionam di lor*.

EARLY TYPE-FOUNDERS AND MODERN REFORMERS

IN writing of the early type-founders we are too apt to assume that they would approach the problem of type-design in much the same way as would a designer of the present day. That contemporary manuscripts should have been taken as models for their types is rather looked upon as evidence of commercial astuteness, in that types so designed would best commend their printing to cultured book-buyers. They had, of course, nothing else to copy : they just took what was there. I am not sure that things were quite as described by the Dean of Derry in an interesting little pamphlet which he has circulated from his Deanery with a plea for type-reform :

The first printers were their own founders, and probably as a rule their own designers. They had a wonderful stock of glorious manuscripts from which to select their letters. They chose as they liked, and modified forms at their will. . . . They never hesitated to depart from existing forms if it suited their taste to do so.

It is true that a modern designer who is bold enough to improve upon the traditional shapes of the letters may approach his task in some such way, except that he will study and compare the types used in printed sheets instead of fine manuscripts. He will take the letters one by one, enlarge them, lengthen the ascender in one, shorten the descender in another, refine the serifs, flatten the curves, open loops, until he has re-shaped the letters to his taste. The early printer must have done differently. He would have cut his punches, or employed someone else to do so, as skilfully as he might in the fashion of the day, which was also his own way, without any diligent search for the best in any models. His type would be excellent if he happened to be a Jenson or a Rubeus, but less good if he were a lesser man. Any differences to be found in his types would be there, just because it was his way of doing it, and not from any deliberate selection or rejection by way of improving current type forms. Or if he were one of the migrant printers, his type would be his own rendering of the formal hand current at the place in which he set up his press.

Mr. King would have us follow what he assumes to have been the practice of the early type-founders in the designing of a reformed alphabet for modern printing. He would set about it by degrees—in that he is a bit of a Fabian ; and he would like to begin by reforming the ascending and descending letters ; for he is convinced that ascenders and descenders in no wise make for greater ease in reading and that their frequency is a principal blemish in modern printing.

The first step would be to confine f k q t y and j between the lines. If this secured a general verdict of approval, the others could be dealt with later.

But would not the letters become less easy to distinguish if they were all designed of the same height ? Capital letters are all of one height, and are especially difficult to read in spite of their greater size as compared with lower-case letters. Ranging figures—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0—are more difficult to read than non-ranging—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0. Mr. Charles Ricketts made experiments in remodelling certain letters on grounds not wholly different from Mr. King's ; but his " King's fount," in which he carried out his reforms, is the least pleasing of the three Vale Press founts.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

CHRONICLES

THE DRAMA

THE CONSTANT NYMPH. By MARGARET KENNEDY and BASIL DEAN. New Theatre.

ESCAPE. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Ambassadors Theatre.

KING HENRY V. By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. The Old Vic.

FEW novels provoked more discussion last year than *The Constant Nymph*, and the play now based on it has led similarly to more discussion than any other dramatic work which has appeared on the stage this autumn. I reviewed the novel at that time for *The London Mercury*, and thought that on the whole it had been over-praised, although I felt, and still feel, that there was distinct brilliance in the picture of the Sanger *ménage* and its curious assortment of inmates. The faults seemed to lie principally in the failure to convince the reader of the authenticity of the hero's musical genius (which Miss Kennedy did succeed in doing in the case of Sanger, who early disappeared from the scene), the unfairness with which the dice were loaded against Dodd's wife, Florence, in order, in some degree, to exculpate him, and the *decrescendo* of the construction with the grotesquely inadequate conclusion of the heroine's death from a valvular lesion of the heart, aggravated by sea-sickness and a defective window-sash.

These faults are noticeably exaggerated in the play, while the merits of the novel do not appear so strongly as they did in the printed book. In other words the play, judged by its truth and significance, is not so good as the novel, and yet the play is undoubtedly a better play than the novel is a novel. This paradox can only be explained by the different demands of the two different mediums. Something was apparently present in Miss Kennedy's novel which she was able to transform into a material upon which her and her collaborator's talents in dramatic technique, the cast's abilities as actors, and the ingenuity of the producer, were able to expend themselves to good effect. The novel, losing much by being transferred from one plane to another, yet gained so much else in the transfer that it appears even better on that other plane.

The paradox is not yet finished. Mr. Galsworthy, the author of *Escape*, is also the author of *The Man of Property*. As plays go, the former does him no discredit; it is better than most plays now to be seen in London, and does not compare unfavourably with many others which he has done, although not up to his best. Yet there is no question but that *The Constant Nymph*, the play, is as much superior to *Escape* as *The Constant Nymph*, the novel, is inferior to *The Man of Property*. The strange alchemy of the stage produces queer results in testing men's brains and talents. One can only remember that Wilde succeeded triumphantly where Browning and James had failed.

Both authors beg the question outrageously and consistently refuse to face natural conclusions from their own postulates. Mr. Galsworthy's hero, Matt Denant,

meeting a prostitute in Hyde Park, has a light philosophical discussion with her and is about to leave her when a detective attempts to arrest her for exercising her profession in a prohibited spot. The hero protests, becomes involved in a struggle with the detective, strikes him on the jaw and the man falls over, knocking his head against the railing. He dies, and Denant is sentenced to five years in Dartmoor. All this sounds a little suspicious, but Mr. Galsworthy has a right to assume any reasonable proposition that he wishes, and this one cannot be called altogether unreasonable. He has even the right to test the reactions of Denant after the latter makes his escape in a fog ; but from here on he stumbles even more blindly than does the poor fugitive.

For although Denant meets with a mixed reception—kindness and help at the hands of some, hatred and harshness at the hands of others, perplexed sympathy and a vague fear, quick generosity and smug righteousness, these emotions which he evokes have little to do with the feelings of the human heart to the hunted man, since all, or nearly all, who are kind to him are moved because they believe in his innocence and because their breeding is as his. The hostility comes, for the most part, from those of lower caste who believe that because he was in prison he deserved to be there ; perhaps an uncharitable but certainly not an illogical assumption. Women, of course, tend to favour him more than do men, although in one instance Mr. Galsworthy allows himself the original contrast of the church-going woman who is hard, and the non-church-going one who would act as a Christian. If anyone but Mr. Galsworthy had done this sort of thing, one would be tempted to say churlish things—! And at the end, when the Anglican priest stands perplexed, debating his duty, and Denant asks him “ What would Christ have done ? ” the question seems impertinent in both senses ; the Son of God may look into the human heart and know where justice lies, but if mortals were to assume that every refugee from their punishments had been unjustly condemned, one would have a confusion besides which that in Mr. Galsworthy’s mind would seem as simple as the undoubted kindness of his heart.

Miss Kennedy’s methods are a little more subtle, but her answer is just as dubious. Lewis Dodd, whom we may for the moment accept on her own supposition as a musician of genius, has misunderstood the state of his own affections and married a beautiful and conventional woman who wants to lionise him and make his genius the ornament of her drawing room, while intending in all good faith, in the beginning, at least, to further his career. It turns out, however, that he did not really love her, but that whatever permanent place there was in his heart was held by the precocious little daughter of Sanger, Tessa, the constant nymph. The situation is both provoked and aggravated by the wife’s treatment of the girl ; the former sees her efforts to advance her husband amongst the musical powers set at nought by his own complete lack of contact with them and his apparently deep understanding with Tessa, and, in fact, with the entire circle of the Sangers. She behaves in outrageous fashion, ill-treating the girl brutally until in the end the man is completely alienated from her and precipitated into the arms of the girl. But this has nothing to do with his musical soul ; the really interesting test would be to attempt to evoke a sympathy for him as a cad whose genius cannot allow him to rest in his “ silver sty ” ; that is what the author more or less attempted in the novel. But her Dodd might have been anything at all, stockbroker, navy or Indian Rajah, and one could have understood and forgiven his turning from so horrible a wife to the girl who loved him. For in the play he is essentially romantic, and it did not require the revulsion of his cramped spirit against its Philistine chains to make him choose the course he did. It will be remembered that even Mr. Somerset Maugham, who sets the same problem in *The Moon and Sixpence*, takes

the more courageous course of making his recalcitrant stockbroker a thorough villain, who quits conventional life for his art alone, with no sweet love to soothe him; even Mr. Maughan, however, dared not make the deserted wife an amiable person.

Perhaps the breakdown of the central theme is the reason why the death of Tessa at the end seems to leave the play without significance—there is nothing beyond; it was the consummation of his love that mattered, and not the liberation of his talents. When the girl is gratuitously cut off we end against a blank wall; we have arrived at the point for which we started and there is nothing further. If Dodd, an unspeakable villain, had callously left his adoring wife and gone off to create music, there would have been less excuse for him, but far more meaning to Miss Kennedy's fable. Surely *The Constant Nymph* was the haunting music in his soul to which he could not be unfaithful, rather than the little girl who was faithful to him as a man?

From the point of view of acting Mr. Galsworthy's play is almost entirely a one-man affair. Matt Denant, played by Mr. Nicholas Hannen, appears in every scene and practically throughout every scene. His role resembles somewhat that of the Emperor Jones, Mr. Eugene O'Neil's study in racial psychology which made so distinguished an impression a year ago. Denant is not in any sense so striking a figure as was the giant negro, nor has Mr. Hannen the same opportunities which Mr. O'Neil's first act afforded, but the very inferiority of Mr. Galsworthy's opening results in a more sustained level and Mr. Hannen kept up his end exceedingly well throughout what might have been a series of repetitions as dull as the latter scenes of the American play. He was ably assisted by Miss Ursula Jeans as "the girl of the town"—the original cause of all his trouble—and by Mr. Austin Trevor, who doubles the part of the literary old gentleman and the parson.

The acting in *The Constant Nymph* has been one of the most striking features of the present theatrical season. The producers laid themselves out in the matter of casting and in one critical instance at least took an apparent risk in which they were amply justified by the result. Miss Edna Best, who has hitherto been chiefly known for her no more than adequate acting of vapid ingenue parts, was entrusted with the difficult role of Tessa. In anything but extremely capable hands Tessa's precocity, passion and pathos might have been embarrassingly mawkish, but Miss Best triumphantly over-rode what must have been sore temptations and gave to Tessa the dignity and tenderness with which the authors must surely have conceived her. Mr. Noel Coward as Lewis seemed to me to suggest everything that the text permitted him to do; moreover, he had the air of the musician, but he could not put any atmosphere of genius into a part which had none. He was ill-advised in sometimes wearing tortoiseshell spectacles, which made him look rather like Mr. Harold Lloyd. Of the other parts, the vulgar stepmother was done to the life by Miss Mary Clare (who is not equalled in this kind of thing) and Florence, the wife, by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, who did as well as anyone could to bear up under the preposterous burden of the monstrosity she is supposed to represent. Mr. Keneth Kent, as the vulgar but understanding little impresario amusingly rendered a type familiar all over Europe.

MILTON WALDMAN

A correspondent writes :

The crown a little askew suits Mr. Holloway. He is a good ranting king who never suits the action to the word beyond the point of kingly bearing—a difficult thing to do in any case, but more especially so in the face of some of the very obvious stage tricks of his over-willing subjects. They followed his every movement with a too precise concentration, with the result that the smallest twinkle in his eyes was

answered with an almost ludicrous brightening of the eyes of the whole company, and any slight royal depression was met with a mathematically punctual tide of groans. This, as I saw it, was the chief fault of the play—a fault not only irritating but directly harmful to the effect of many of the massed scenes. Nym (John Garside) and Pistol (Neil Porter) made as excellent a pair of ruffians as you will meet on a summer's day, and the Fluellen of Horace Sequeira left little to be desired. Miss Gwynne Whitby's pretty, tinkling French was delightful, especially in the last scene with King Harry. Here too, Mr. Holloway was at his best, off duty, as it were, with the crown at a very human angle.

It was a pity that the tents at Agincourt looked, by daylight at least, a little like an illustrated ice-cream barrow. In other respects the settings were very effective and dignified, especially at the French court.

THE MOVIES

SA FEMME. Royal Palace Cinéma. Biarritz.

LA SFINGI DI TUNISI. Gambrinus Cinema. Florence.

SANGUE E ARENA. Sala Edison. Florence.

LE TORRENT. Madeline Cinéma. Paris.

LA CHATELAINE DU LIBAN. Aubert Palace. Paris.

PHONOFILMS. THE TUNNEY-DEMPSEY FIGHT. Capitol. London.

AS I had had occasion, this summer, to cross the Channel (though by the unfashionable if equally crowded means of a boat) a study of cinema conditions of the Continent became inevitable, yet not easy. For instance, in St. Jean-de-Luz, that hub of international gaiety and cosmos of the cognoscenti, they appear to treat the movies much as a Danish wassail—more honoured in the breach than the observance. My first film-hungry night there, when I told a cabman “The nearest cinema,” I was left in what looked like the garden of a deserted villa, so de la Marian quiet it was, with only a board, propped on a palm-tree, announcing gently that pictures were shown two nights a week. Mine, like the flowers in Miss Draper’s garden, was not one of them. Accordingly I went next day to Biarritz; there I had to wait till four ere I was allowed to witness, first some excruciating Spanish dancers, and then that antique Harold Lloyd where he tries to commit suicide and ends up roof-climbing. What this Biarritz cinema will do when, in the course of time, it has *College Days*, is not to be imagined, for *Un Voyage au Paradis* proved too hilarious for the projection, which collapsed twice. The audience, as they say, remained calm and saw, in reward, a French film, *Sa Femme*. Its making was French and its type of beauty definitely so. The heroine was deemed so lovely that one saw not only her face, but her back—alas, never the latter for good! *Sa Femme* was utterly undistinguished save that, as its title suggested, it did display the French view so much that though Ruggero Ruggieri was the husband, his name and fame went down before those of Linda Moglia, a lady who looked her age; if a horse’s years go by teeth, film actresses’ measure by shoulder-blades and these protruded. There was a quite astonishing number of captions, long conversations carried on with interspersed glimpses of the actors doing the right thing: “*Mon Dieu!*”—finger upwards. “Then I will SELL myself!”—complete abandon. This was a very frequent fault in French films, and I found it the case also in Italy. It is not that the captions were bad but that such use, as here made, showed failure to realise the medium. You cannot, nor is there any need to, interpret a conversation on the screen simply by filming people talking, giving their words after. It is one or the other: the cinema can convey a great deal more swiftly and subtly—therefore, better—than other arts, but it must translate this into action, as the ballet’s translation is into movement.

In Italy, despite Florence’s film-training university, there was great difficulty in finding a national film, this despite Mussolini! Florence was chiefly concerned with Valentino obsequies and ‘Charlot’ revivals, and after I had assisted at both these, *La Sfingi di Tunisi* was the only definitely red-white-and-green film I found. It was a banal enough seduction story, not remarkably, though wildly, acted; but it interested because of its photography, which was at times very good. One would be looking through bead-curtains down a hall, when the front door opened

and a car drew up, or be watching a street scene from some house top. But, as can be guessed, these are tricks to use sparingly and in *La Sfingi* their inexpressive repetition made what seemed at first beautiful, just ingenious. *Blood and Sand*, seen again, shows the early attempts at this imaginative producing: the moments of imagination occurred rather as if the producer thought it were time to have one, but they were there, and they lit up this dreary tale. I have noticed that Señor Ibanez' novels do not film well, with an exception so famous that it leads me to the qualification "save with Rex Ingram." There is left no attempt at characterisation. *La donne pericolosa* in this film was so vampish, and played by Nita Naldi made so much more so, that she was a parody to be enjoyed by intellectuals: and what had Valentino to do but brag as a bullfighter and roar "as gently as any sucken doe" for a lover? It remains one of the thousand pities of the film-world that his exploitation should have continued, for it becomes evident, as one sees this film again, that he could act—by which one means, as usual, one could imagine he would, produced rightly, act very well indeed. He had certain stumbling gestures with his hands that were effective, and less-than-a-flicker of an eyelid meant as much to him as, *mutatis mutandis*, to Conrad. Here, for instance, he managed the withdrawal with his bride with a delicacy that yet did not obliterate its occasioning.

His first entry, coming arm-in-arm with two friends along a road was good, too, and that is to return to photography. To introduce your figures this way, coming out of the distance, is straightforward and satisfies as to opening whilst ensuring interest in the continuing; but, otherwise, how has film-making progressed! When an interior was wanted here, the brains gave out. Objects in the background would be too bright—so that they blurred the back and dwarfed the foreground. It was always by such simple ways failure came—in a courtyard, meant to give space, a light cloth hung at the back, with the sole object, apparently, of bringing the rear as close as possible. The story was treated in that particularly disturbing way of not even grasping the good chances, whilst fully elaborating all the worst. This was the same with *Le Torrent* that I saw in Paris, another Ibanez film, which has since been shown in London. Throughout its performance, without knowing the story, I felt it *could* not be as bad as this; not that it was, as films go, a bad film, nor would be, as a story, ever good. But it was redeemed by the acting of Greta Garbo, who has an extremely mobile face and the power to look quite different, from scene to scene, from costume to costume, all of which were of a *chic* unusual in the cinema. She wore them quite calmly also, not, as so many stars, with a roar and a romp, because this is what they went on the films to do. The point about Greta Garbo, however, is that, within the limits of the story she not only could, but did, act. She had that little more, as the preacher saith, that lit up her gesture. One felt her brain had not been blocked out with her eyebrows; consequently, a mere turning away and angle of an arm was eloquent, in a manner quite sharply cut, but cut on a large scale. The producer had so stressed the love element, portions of which were doubtless omitted in London, that the actual Flood seemed no more than a tiresome incident, badly done; certainly, no impressive background. The photography gave many beautiful and intelligent pictures, which was the main interest of *La Chatelaine du Liban*, from Pierre Benoit. I went to the Aubert cinema for peace, but as regards intimacy I might as well have gone to the Casino de Paris. "Love at arm's length" is a phrase, I suppose, that must ever remain English, but it seems odd for a logical nation to adopt a hot climate's modes, when its manners (I speak of this film) are those of Eskimos thawing. However, I did get what I wanted—the acting of M. Petrovitch. He did allow the incidents of the film to affect him and was not the same young man at the end as in the beginning. He acted well, in a

difficult part. The story was again unenlightened, but the producer made the most of what the story offered, so that each scene helped and had a clean expressiveness. In many details he showed a fresh way of treating dull inevitable things—Arab fights in the deserts and, more deadly, “smart” parties—that would speak well for the movies, had they anything to say. For that is what one is forced back on. To point to films like *Lend Me a Husband* and *You Never Know Women* is no answer, for it is not as an animated aphrodisiac that the cinema exists, any more than literature exists to supply the Misses Dell and Hull with a living. The films are building up a wall of make-believe progress with better producing and acting, fine effects, and sometimes, psychology, but it is to hide that it encloses nothing—nothing new and nothing needed. Until what is expressed is worth the pains, it is all and only cleverness, trickery; and you cannot go on arranging flowers in new patterns for ever; they die. With exceptions few and fine enough to be obvious, there are no films, here or abroad (save apparently in Russia) ordinarily to be met with, that use rightly the great opportunities of the medium, nor does it look as though there will be. The Queen of Roumania and Mr. Arlen are the most distinguished recruits to the ranks of scenario-writers, and neither of them will be remembered chiefly as *litterateurs*. The cinema must realise that its chance of being an art is to throw away whatever it cannot assimilate and translate; it should aim at being a visual, not literate, art, and its bond of silence should only, as with ballet, give added sensitiveness to other channels. It is bound by no laws of time, space or distance; no serious creative art is so free, yet it will not accept its convention. So all the developments are being wasted, because imagination is lacking and there is still this touching belief in Hollywood that a kiss is really worth close-up filming. Meanwhile, its gift of silence they are removing. The first film I saw on my return was an exhibition of *Phonofilms*. Save for opera and all public meetings, where, in full development it would be of immense importance, I cannot see how it will benefit the films as films. It may make them something different, and open a new side, but only, I think, the journalistic, and there I imagine party-censoring will scarcely be affected, and Lady Astor will take no heed, though Mr. Jones perhaps might. Judging by what they *do*, to hear what actors *say* would, in most films, be a punishment even the modern world cannot deserve, and what is the gain? We have now more ways of saying things, and we have nothing to say, or nothing we can say. With vast, dimly-discovered continents of thought and feeling we find words hopelessly encrusted, blunted and dulled, unable fittingly to express us. We therefore fling our airy chat from pole to pole, when the only means of recovering articulation would be by watching the two silent arts of movement and action, to be stung by their heightened sensibility into vivid speech once more.

Italian cinemas are better than the French, and the Capitol better than either, but, why, I wonder, hit a gong every time the bell in the Dempsey film rang? Somehow, when one sees a clapper eight times striking a bell, one gathers—roughly—what is (probably) happening; there is no need to see it. Otherwise, it is an excellently obtained, well-speeded film of absorbing interest. But imagine a film of a Cambridge match in which an enterprising film-man waited while all his clocks struck!

ROBERT HERRING

THE FINE ARTS

PUBLICATIONS

GILBERT STUART. By LAWRENCE PARK, J. H. MORGAN and R. COURTISSOZ.
4 Vols. William Edwin Rudge, New York.

DAUMIER: THE MAN AND THE ARTIST. By MICHAEL SADLEIR. Halton
and Truscott Smith. 63s.

EVOLUTION IN MODERN ART. By FRANK RUTTER. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

HOURS IN THE TATE GALLERY. By J. B. MANSON. Duckworth. 3s. 6d.

HOURS IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION. By PHILIP HENDY. Duckworth.
3s. 6d.

VISITORS to the British section of the National Gallery may sometimes have stopped, in the long room with the Gainsboroughs and Reynolds, before a portrait of a plump gentleman in a red silk robe and Hogarthian headdress by name of William Woollett. Although the portrait is not a masterpiece, the head is drawn very directly and the colour scheme and composition are fresh and unaffected. There is altogether an attractive simplicity and straight-forwardness about the portrait which arouses curiosity concerning the painter, Gilbert Stuart. That curiosity will be perhaps more than satisfied by the four volumes dealing with Gilbert Stuart's portraits which have recently been published in America. Gilbert Stuart was an American forerunner of Sargent and he is here said to be "first in the list of America's portrait painters." He worked for many years in London as a contemporary and rival of the great English portrait painters and we have a certain claim to share him with America. It is fitting, however, that the first, and clearly the standard, catalogue raisonné of his portraits should be the work of an American and should be published in America. It is a production on a grand scale, the first volume containing a biographical note and a critical appreciation followed by a carefully prepared catalogue of portraits which also fills the whole of the second volume: the other two volumes contain 950 reproductions of portraits by or of Gilbert Stuart. Mr. Lawrence Park, who planned the work, did not live to complete it, and while the exhaustive catalogue is his own work, the biographical note and appreciation are by other hands. The greatest thoroughness has been shown everywhere and no pains have been spared to examine records here and in America and to follow up every small biographical clue. The typography is admirable but, perhaps in a slightly captious mood, one might wish for a better binding and for more reproductions by a more searching process than the half tone. Some of the portraits seem so interesting that one wants a reproduction which will give as much as possible of the quality and substance of the draughtsmanship and painting.

In addition to the National Gallery portrait there are several by Gilbert Stuart in the National Portrait Gallery, the most notable being those of Benjamin West and of Washington. The latter has been presented only recently by an American donor, and if, as has been suggested, it is a copy, it is an excellent one. Painted one at the beginning, the other at the height of a long career, these two portraits differ a good deal in style and conception, but both evince the same direct business-like approach to the subject. These may be pre-eminently American traits but they are closely allied to the characteristics of English portraiture, which combine refinement with frankness

and unselfconsciousness. Gilbert Stuart in fact belongs definitely to the English school of Hogarth, Reynolds, Ramsay and Raeburn.

Gilbert Stuart's father was a Scotsman who emigrated to America to carry on the trade of a miller of snuff, and the painter was born there in 1755. His first studies in painting were made in America, but when 19 he sailed for England, though possessed of no funds and with no definite prospects. After a year's penury in London, with the assistance of a friend he approached Benjamin West, that great patron of American painters, writing to him a pitiable letter of appeal. He was taken on by West as an assistant and in five years he had made his name, outstripping his master, and was able to set up an expensive establishment of his own in London. He painted portraits of many notabilities, including Reynolds and Gainsborough. It is not known why, after twelve years successful work in London, he went to Ireland, where he stayed for five years, but he seemed later to have sailed again for America in the hopes of making enough money by painting, among others, Washington, to pay his British creditors, for he was extravagant and careless about money and moreover he had a large family. He was immensely successful in America, and he painted several portraits of Washington, one of which he copied many times over. He also painted four other Presidents of the United States. He was first and last a portrait painter. To judge from the reproductions, the individual differences in the portraits lie more in the different characters of the models than in any variation in the manner of treatment. Stuart's downright approach may have rendered him a more favourite painter of men than of women. He was no Romney: nevertheless he painted quite a number of women's portraits and these seem to be among his most incisive character sketches. It is stated that his work was very even and sustained in quality, yet even from the reproductions one can detect differences of quality, although he seems always to get a keen likeness, so that his portraits are valuable historical documents. Trained in a period when the "grand style" was theoretically in vogue, he rebelled against it, expressing his intention of painting from "nature." This meant that he saw with his own eyes and possessed individuality. More and more he concentrated attention on the head and where, as in a full-length of Washington, he adopted the conventional eighteenth-century arrangement of the background, it is manifestly a convention. His colouring is limpid and clear and has stood the test of time.

Daumier was known during his lifetime (1808-1879) chiefly as a caricaturist and satirist, and at his death tribute was paid to his skill in lithography; but according to Mr. Sadleir, it has remained for a posterity educated by Japanese and Post Impressionist art to pay full tribute to Daumier as a painter, a visionary and a pioneer. It may well be that time was necessary for the proper appreciation and understanding of Daumier: but I feel doubtful about the alleged direct connection between it and either Japanese or Post Impressionist art.

Daumier stands by himself and this view is largely borne out by Mr. Sadleir's sympathetic and illuminating analysis of the general nature of Daumier's work and of his personal character and outlook. Very little is known about Daumier's life, but Mr. Sadleir has woven together the scattered fragments of information into a picture whose main outlines are convincing and he traces very plausibly the connection between the circumstances of Daumier's life, his personality and his art.

Mr. Sadleir, however, qualifies his appreciation. He remarks that after having studied a large number of Daumier's drawings, satirical and otherwise, one realises that Daumier was, in spite of his greatness, limited: that he kept on producing the same kind of work. Daumier was professionally a journalist, and about his journalistic

products one would expect a certain monotony ; it could hardly be otherwise. Mr. Sadleir, however, is not referring to his journalistic side, but to Daumier's independent work. With all deference to Mr. Sadleir's fuller knowledge, in face of the splendid selection of reproductions accompanying his essay, one scarcely feels that Daumier merits the stricture.

The pictorial art with which Mr. Rutter is mainly concerned is at least ten years old and belongs to a period of revolt which is now superseded. It is therefore rather unfortunate that Mr. Rutter's book should give the impression that this is the vital art of the moment. It is not that Mr. Rutter actually thinks that this is the case or himself believes very strongly in cubist or futurist works. A careful reading of his book shows that he considers that this movement had a sort of negative value as a cleansing reaction and a stimulus, the benefit of which is being felt by artists of to-day who are attempting constructive work. Nevertheless he devotes the greater part of his space to the discussion of the somewhat outworn and bedraggled theories of the cubists, futurists and others and his reproductions are nearly all of works of the revolutionary type, even though the artists concerned have passed out of this phase and returned to what is called "realism." It would, for instance, have been much more enlightening as regards contemporary tendencies to have given a reproduction of one of Picasso's recent studies in realism than of his pre-war abstractions or of Matisse's delicate landscapes or portraits than of his offensively deformed "decorative" groups. Also some mention should have been made of de Segonzac and Utrillo. It seems that Mr. Rutter is out to dress his window with sensation rather than with serious works of art. Similarly with modern English painting. Mr. Rutter virtually admits that Wyndham Lewis and Bomberg were useful only as explosives : yet he reproduces more of Wyndham Lewis's work than of others who are more constructive and his selection of these others is open to criticism. Ethelbert White's work is reproduced, but not that of Stanley Spencer or the Nashe's and no mention is made at all of Duncan Grant, Mark Gertler or Vanessa Bell. When so many minor names are strung off, this complete omission of the leading members of the London Group is an enormous mistake and results in a very distorted view of contemporary English art.

The title "Hours in the Tate Gallery" and so on is beneath the dignity of these volumes : why not just "The Tate Gallery" without the suggestion that the volume is specially intended for the sentimental dabbler in knowledge? Who would like to ask at a bookshop for a book so named? Yet the books themselves are worth reading. They are written by experts who do not hesitate to express their own definite opinions, but who carry their learning easily and can write simply and clearly. Mr. Manson's volume on the Tate Gallery is virtually an outline of English painting and it provides just the kind of fresh and stimulating modern review which is needed. Mr. Manson has evidently been influenced by the French Impressionists and he is inclined to be critical of the later schools, though he is by no means unsympathetic to them. He is equally critical of the Pre-Raphaelites and the academic painters and his views in this respect are bound to meet with strong opposition. There is one gap in his book which follows a gap in the Tate Gallery itself. No mention can be made of water colourists such as Cotman or Girtin because the Tate Gallery concentrates on oil paintings. A room in the Gallery should be devoted to the English water colourists (of whom we ought to be far more proud than of the Pre-Raphaelites or of Watts), and the British Museum should be compelled to disgorge some of its hidden gems.

HOWARD HANNAY

POETRY

COLLECTED POEMS. By EDWARD SHANKS. Collins. 7s. 6d.

OLD friendship and old association with this review make it difficult to discuss Mr. Shanks's *Collected Poems* with the warmth I feel about them—particularly as some of the best have appeared in our own pages. The present volume contains all Mr. Shanks's poems with the exception—regrettable—of *The Queen of China*. They have been regrouped in a manner which may disappoint the “student of development” but which assists the poems themselves. And the cumulative impression made by them is very much stronger now they are thus gathered together than it was when one read them in separate volumes.

For Mr. Shanks is a quiet, an observant and a reflective writer: not the ardent poet who sweeps us away by the rush and violence of a single fevered poem, but the meditative man and careful artist whose capacity and power are realised only when we are able to observe a single outlook and a sedulously retained standard of craftsmanship over a large area. Galloping, even dancing, metres are not his: he is essentially iambic as Spenser and Wordsworth were. He has passion but it never sets him shouting; he has melancholy but it never leads him to shake his fist at the stars; he has joy but it is expressed in stanzas of tranquil delight which trip decorously. “The harvest of a quiet eye” was never more applicable than to his work; behind the eye is a sensitive, but not a raging, heart; and the eye, thus quietly vigilant, is aware at any moment of glimpses of beauty that most of us miss in the roar. He writes:

Who knows how beauty springs
Out of the world of things,
To take the eyes with sudden flame
And vanish whence it came,
High above things that vex,
Fear, covetousness, spite and sex.

“Moments of vision,” in Mr. Hardy's phrase, are what he commonly gives us: the sight in all its acuteness, the mood in all its fullness: whether the moment be one of the highest perspicuity of love, or a moment of arrested external movement, when soldiers doomed to die rest on a village green, or a glowworm lights its lamp in a garden, or the nightingale's first notes are heard dimly in the twilight, or the sound of oars is heard at night, or a familiar street, hill, tree or pool is suddenly seen in a strange light, invested with all the mysteries. There is no parade of the general behind the particular or the unseen behind the seen: economically and without rhetoric Mr. Shanks is content delicately to suggest whilst carefully describing. *The Rock Pool* is a signal example:

This is the sea. In these uneven walls
A wave lies prisoned. Far and far away
Outward to ocean, as the slow tide falls,
Her sisters through the capes that hold the bay
Dancing in lovely liberty recede.
Yet lovely in captivity she lies
Filled with soft colours, where the waving weed
Moves gently and discloses to our eyes

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Blurred shining veins of rock and lucent shells
 Under the light-shot water ; and here repose
 Small quiet fish and dimly glowing bells
 Of sleeping sea-anemones that close
 Their tender fronds and will not now awake
 Till on these rocks the waves returning break.

Every word means something ; the description is done with the nicest care ; but the undertones are present as they so seldom are in such writing, and "prisoned" in the undemonstrative first four lines is a large imaginative conception.

Mr. Shanks's writing is all restrained, all careful, mostly grave, largely pictorial : he succeeds in *The Island of Youth* (Achilles in Scyros), an Arcadian narrative with a hint of tragic destiny behind, as he succeeds in the lyrics : he avoids the pursuit of dramatic effects to which his modes of thought and quality of language are not suitable. Matthew Arnold without the *weltschmerz* is an analogy that occurs to one. There is in Mr. Shanks's best and most characteristic poems a hint of the mysteries behind the beauty that he sees and the pain that he feels, but no strong impulse to grapple with the riddle, and the strife of creeds does not ruffle the delicate surface of his work. There are exceptions, as in certain poems inspired by the war, where a more universal trouble leads him to a more massive speech ; and his intellectual curiosity is never asleep. But (at present at all events) he is not primarily a philosophical poet (even of a sceptical kind) or a fomenter of action : he is a scrutinizer of nature and the heart, noting the beautiful and the strange, painting them with accuracy and leaving it to others to brood over them and wrestle with them. As the slightest of his poems are of the kind which echo after they have ceased, and plunge one into day-dreams—for instance *The Swimmer* with its warm ending :

Soon the wet footmarks on the stones are dry :
 The cove sleeps on beneath the unwavering sun.

—so there are others which plunge one into depths of thought which the poet seems to have indicated, glanced at, and passed on. Such work is refreshing after much stale rhetoric : Mr. Shanks scrupulously tells us what he sees, thinks and feels, and no more : and the result is that one can return continually to his work and find it always satisfying.

The satisfaction, since he is a poet, largely resides in the qualities of his art. He is too fastidious for a false magniloquence, or an impressionistic splashing of colour. His is the burin rather than the brush. His best phrases are cool, pure and translucent like his own seas : his language, and its movement, are precisely adapted to what he wishes to express. A grave solemnity or a grave tenderness or a soft surrender : these are the common tones of his music : and the very delicately varied homogeneity of this rhythmical background make all the more plangent when they come, such breaks into another music as the *Woman's Song*, one of the loveliest lyrics of our time. This, it may be added, is one of a series of love poems, as restrained usually in expression as they are full and frank in thought, not equalled by any poet since Mr. Yeats—some of our poets seem almost divorced from personal relations. These and the others are all bound together by an abiding attitude, not expressed in elaborate doctrine, but at least bare in its sincerity. The poem *Memory* is too long to quote here in full, but it might well serve as an introduction to all Mr. Shanks's work. It closes with these stanzas :

O memory, take and keep
 All that my eyes, your servants, bring you home !

Thick through the changing year
The unexpected, rich-charged moments come,
That you 'twixt wake and sleep
In the lids of the closed eyes shall make appear.

This is life's certain good,
Though in the end it be not good at all,
When the dark end arises
And the stripped, startled spirit must let fall
The amulets that could
Prevail with life's but not death's sad devices.

Then, like a child from whom an older child
Forces its gathered treasures,
Its beads and shells and strings of withered flowers,
Tokens of recent pleasures,
The soul must lose from eyes weeping and wild
Those prints of vanished hours.

The view is that of many a Greek in the Anthology; there is a modern tincture in the doubt and the sadness : there is something peculiar to Mr. Shanks in the clarity of the statement, the mild poignancy of the music, the simplicity of the words, which reaches its extreme in the colloquial "tokens of recent pleasures," which is at first barely noticed, and then seems awkward, and in the end appears pregnant and inevitable.

J. C. S.

FICTION

THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD. By H. G. WELLS. Benn. 3 vols.
£1 2s. 6d.

LORD RAINGO. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY. By THEODORE DREISER. Constable. 10s.

SHOW BOAT. By EDNA FERBER. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

INTRODUCTION TO SALLY. By ELIZABETH RUSSELL. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

WITH the whole of Mr. Wells's new book now before us, we are in a position to form some opinion of it, both absolutely as a work of art or thought, and relatively, in connection with the various disputes it has aroused. There are several questions to be answered. Is it a novel? I presume it is, since I do not know how otherwise to describe an account of the life and opinions of a fictitious character. William Clissold is fictitious. He is the son of a company-promoter who commits suicide after standing his trial for fraud and being found guilty. (See *Tono-Bungay* and reflect how strangely the story of Whitaker Wright seems to have gripped Mr. Wells's imagination.) He becomes a scientist and an extravagant wife drives him to the greater rewards of applied science, so that he enters the metallurgical laboratories of Romer, Steinhart, Crest & Co. (See *Marriage*. But Trafford's entry into commerce there is treated as a self-betrayal. Clissold's here is regarded more leniently.) His wife deceives him but, when he attempts to divorce her, the Queen's Proctor intervenes and the decree nisi is rescinded. This is, I should think, almost the only imaginable marital mishap which had not hitherto befallen one of Mr. Wells's heroes. After this he has a succession of mistresses, the last being a red-haired young lady named Clem who mysteriously pervades the first volume, is more or less explained in the second and, in the third, perishes in a motor-accident along with Clissold himself.

So much for an indubitable character of fiction. But the story, of which these details give a rough outline, does not take up a great proportion of a book which is not so enormously long as the manner of its production might suggest. The rest is taken up with Clissold's musings on life as it has been, is, and ought to be. A good many aspects of these do not concern me here. I am not concerned, for example, with the propriety of the vigorous strictures which here occurs on the British Royal Family and other living persons. Nor is it my business (if I had the competence) to pronounce on Clissold's views of evolution and human history. The book is a novel and must be judged on another basis than whether what some fictitious character says is acceptable or unacceptable.

The question to be answered is what sort of a novel is it and to that, for myself, I answer uncompromisingly that it is not very interesting. There can be of course no objection, on principle, to the introduction of argument into fiction. Earlier books by Mr. Wells, such as *Tono-Bungay* and *The New Machiavelli*, could no more have existed without their atmosphere of discussion than could an Irish stew without the liquor in which the meat and potatoes swim. It was all argument arising from character accurately observed and vividly described. But here we have all liquor and the meat and potatoes so scattered that the liquor seems to lose flavour. The world of William Clissold is strangely lacking in objectivity. The world of George Ponderevo

was infinitely more real and vivid and I really cannot see that its reality and vividness did anything but enhance the value of George's observations of it.

Even Clissold fails to present himself to the reader as anything very tangible. Ponderevo and even Remington and Trafford were persons of whose existence one had a definite sense, but that, except for a very few imaginative flashes here and there, is not true of Clissold. He is mostly a mouthpiece for the utterance of highly generalised opinions, which may or may not be those of his creator, he is sometimes a lay figure round which situations are constructed, but he is hardly ever a living man. His "world," too, is a curiously lop-sided and disproportioned thing. One gets but the rarest particularised glimpses of such factors in it as friendship, money, recreation or even work. These things occur only as terms in theories and little is shown in the round. The final impression left on the reader is that William Clissold spent his life in worrying about the future of the world and making love to a long series of imperfectly differentiated sluts.

If the answer to that question still interests anybody, I think I can say who is the original of Lord Raingo. It is Mr. Bennett himself—or a part of him, a part of that part which has previously served for souls to the Card and similar characters. Let us suppose Mr. Bennett coming to London not to write novels but simply to make money, a Mr. Bennett, that is to say, with a mind of the same cast but with gifts and sensibilities severely limited in range, and you have Lord Raingo in fairly clear outline. He is only a millionaire with apparently a narrower range of interests than Mr. Bennett would as a rule find tolerable in his principal character, but he is at heart a Card and it is his cardishness that delights his creator. The essence of the Card is cunning in action, naïvety in enjoyment of the fruits of action. Raingo plays the Prime Minister like an experienced angler, but his internal ejaculation, "And I've got the title without paying a cent for it," is in a schoolboy key, as is every official exploit of his from then on.

All this is good fun and bears no doubt some relation to life, but it is not the most important part of the book. The last third of it, describing Lord Raingo's last illness and death, is on an almost immeasurably higher level than the rest and ranks in brilliance with anything Mr. Bennett has done in this line—not forgetting the illness of Mr. Earlforward and the marvellous convalescence in *The Glimpse*. Just why Mr. Bennett should have this inclination towards the sick-room it is not easy to say. But he has it, and in the sick-room his penetrative and descriptive powers are often at their best. Here he reaches his climax in a terrifying passage when Raingo, after making an effort to work so as to convince himself that he is recovering, suddenly abandons it :

"All right, isn't it, Sir Arthur, this working a bit?" Geoffrey asked.

"Certainly! Certainly! If he feels like it. And doesn't overdo it."

Sam detected the insincerity in the benevolent tones as infallibly as though he had been the reader of all hearts. He could almost see Sir Arthur winking at Geoffrey, almost hear him whispering: "Doesn't matter much what he does now. Let him follow his fancy." So morbid and sensitive was his imagination!

Yet by another act of imagination he ignored all that, and went on pretending to work, and treated the important doctor as perfectly non-existent. Then he grew tired of the sham and continued it hopelessly—with the dogged, feeble, pathetic hopelessness of a boat's crew pounding and sweating in the wake of winners who are passing the post. And then he pushed all the papers away with a disillusioned sigh. The pretence was at an end. He did not care, now, who knew it had been a pretence. Let them all think what they chose.

The nurse brought him food. He took a spoonful, then pushed the basin away as he had pushed the papers away, and some of the contents were spilt on the bed. He groaned, and slid weakly down the incline of pillows toward the interior of the bed, and became an emaciated, unshaven, panting sick man with fright and despair in his eyes.

That one passage was surely better worth doing than the most intricate and revelatory *roman à clef* ever written.

Mr. Dreiser's *American Tragedy* is, I should judge, an appreciably longer book than Mr. Wells's but it has been got within one pair of covers and has been put on the market at a cheaper rate. Its appearance is, to be sure, rather formidable and it makes at the outset heavy demands on the courage or the faith of the intending reader. But the resolute will not afterwards regret the grim struggle necessary to get through the early chapters. Mr. Dreiser's method might be summarised as that of leaving nothing unsaid and saying everything as verbosely and clumsily as possible. But whatever strain he puts on one's patience, however much indulgence he may call for, he does leave the persevering with a sense of having somehow undergone a real experience. At the end of this book one has been with Clyde Griffiths all the way from the street meeting to the electric-chair. It is simply a life and, for what that is worth, one has lived it—at second-hand but vividly. The title is a trifle misleading. There is, I think, little that is specifically American in the essentials of the story, though the details are rich in sidelights on American life. It is the tragedy of a nature fine enough to conceive ambitions but not strong enough to seek them along the open road. For hundreds of pages at the beginning it is impossible to guess what Mr. Dreiser's intention may be. Then the great clumsy brushfuls of paint begin to mark out a shape on the canvas, what seemed irrelevant before falls into place, and from this point on the apparently shambling gait becomes an inexorable march. When he reaches Clyde's trial for the murder of Roberta, Mr. Dreiser by main force makes his awkward style work miracles. Present participles are all he wants to keep the story going between question and answer in court—a simple want and, one might have supposed, most dangerous in a novelist. But, Mr. Dreiser makes these unexpected parts of speech ring out ever more menacingly until, as he should do, the reader shares the growing terror of the creature in the dock.

The exhaustion of a sick-bed must be my excuse for declining to refer to "The author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*" more than once in one review. Lady Russell wrote this book, and anyway, since there are in it signs of a certain contempt (involuntary, I hope) for her devoted readers, perhaps she ought to be dealt with under her own name. It has all the lightness of her other books and their wealth of not disagreeably acid phrases, but it suffers from a sad neglect to make it convincing. Sally is so exquisitely lovely that no man can see her without his reason being dethroned and this not for a moment but, it would seem, permanently. Sally, however, apart from being without breeding or aitches, which might not matter, is half-witted or less. I do not quote this description from Lady Russell, but I confidently deduce it from what she tells us. Now I submit that feebleness of intellect, in the degree to which Sally suffers from it, shows in the face and is, at the second glance, if not at the first, as powerful a wrecker of what would otherwise have been beauty, as a squint or a hare-lip. Therefore, either one cannot believe in this collection of men of all sorts passionately in love with Sally or else (a more disagreeable alternative) one must imagine them all as passionately in love with the village idiot.

EDWARD SHANKS

LITERARY HISTORY & CRITICISM

THE PRELUDE, OR GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Edited from the Manuscripts with Introduction, etc. by ERNEST de SELINCOURT. Oxford University Press. 25s.

THE PROPHETIC WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited with a general introduction, glossarial index of symbols, commentary and appendices. By D. J. GLOSS, Principal of University College, Rangoon, and J. P. R. WILLIAMS, Professor of English, Transvaal University College, Pretoria. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. 42s.

A HUNDRETH SUNDRIE FLOWERS. From the original edition. Haslewood Books. 21s.

A GORGEOUS GALLERY OF GALLANT INVENTIONS (1578). Edited by HYDER E. ROLLINS. Oxford University Press (for Harvard). 21s.

WILLOBIE HIS AVISA : OR THE TRUE PICTURE OF A MODEST MAIDE AND OF A CHAST AND CONSTANT WIFE (1594), with a critical essay by G. B. HARRISON. Lane. 6s.

VENUS AND ANCHISES (Brittain's Ida), and other Poems by PHINEAS FLETCHER. Edited from a Sion College MS. for the Royal Society of Literature by ETHEL SEATON, with a preface by F. S. Boas. Oxford University Press. 6s.

THE BOOK OF ROBERT SOUTHWELL, PRIEST, POET, PRISONER. By CHRISTOBEL M. HOOD (Mrs. Ivo Hood). Oxford : Blackwell. 7s. 6d.

ROMANTICISM. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. Secker. 6s.

REASON AND ROMANTICISM. Essays in Literary Criticism. By HERBERT READ. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d.

MODERN ENGLISH FICTION. By GERALD BULLETT. The To-day Library. Jenkins. 2s. 6d.

THE MODERN NOVEL. Some Aspects of Contemporary Fiction. By ELIZABETH A. DREW. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE LIFE, WORK AND EVIL FATE OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT. By ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHERARD. Werner Laurie. 21s.

THE WRITINGS AND LIFE OF GEORGE MEREDITH. A Centenary Study. By MARY STURGE GRETTON. Oxford University Press. 6s.

PROFESSOR DE SELINCOURT'S edition of *The Prelude* contains *en regard*, the original and final text of the great poem, the right-hand pages giving the familiar text of the edition of 1850, the left-hand pages collated from the earliest manuscripts. The differences are in many cases considerable and are of the highest interest for the evolution of the poetic rebel of the beginning of the century into the Poet Laureate of the Forties. The Introduction, besides relating the story of the making of *The Prelude* and giving a description of the manuscripts used by the editor, analyses the changes introduced in the text between 1805 and 1850. They are of two kinds : the one belonging to the time closely following the first completion of the poem, the editor describes as improvements—they bear mainly on the style and result in “a strengthening of weak phrases”, in the getting rid of “awkward circumlocutions” and in a general concentration of style. The second kind of changes,

belonging to the later revisions of the poem often tend to "deteriorate" the text, to make the diction more flaccid and stilted, often relapsing into something like eighteenth century Miltonianism. Another kind of old-age changes is closely connected with Wordsworth's general evolution towards conventional and reactionary ideas. A marked tendency to give his pantheism a verbal form more consistent with Anglican Orthodoxy is particularly noticeable. The net result of the analysis is that the real (or rather ideal) *Prelude* is to be had at some unfixed intermediate stage of the work when the early looseness had been got rid of, and the poem was yet free from the uninspired senilities of the future.

Blake was late to come into his own, and even when a generation after his death he was taken up by Rossetti no one would have expected that a time would come when the Prophetic Books would be published like classics by the leading University Press. To-day Blake's place seems more impregnable than any one of his contemporaries, and though he is the fullest incarnation of a spirit against which we are increasingly on the guard, he has nothing to fear from future revolutions of opinion. This is so because for sheer *genuineness* Blake stands alone, head over shoulders above all those who lived for the last two hundred years, and, if nothing else, we have come to value genuineness above all things.

The two overseas scholars who have had the honour of editing the Prophetic Books for the Clarendon Press have done their work well. The text is provided with a solid *apparatus criticus*. A welcome Appendix includes an alphabetical explicative list of the bewildering mass of names and terms of Blake's mythology, and a conscientiously-written and scholarly introduction expounds the main lines of Blake's doctrine. The editors are right in emphasising the lack of systematic order in it, and in bringing out the evolution of Blake's ideas. But to the general reader the best and central part of the books will ever remain *The Proverbs of Hell*, in a certain sense the most wonderful piece of writing in the world.

The output of Elizabethan reprints seems to be approaching a natural end: the editions are already on rather barren ground. *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowers*, consisting mainly of work by George Gascoigne, is of course an important landmark between Tottel's *Miscellany* and the *Shepherd's Calendar*, but *Willobie his Avis* and *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* are poor stuff. Still, the latter contains one or two exquisite lyrics (they have already found their way into anthologies), especially the really beautiful *Ay me, ay me! I sigh to see the scythe a-field*. As for *Avisa* the text is unrelievedly dreary, and the interest attached to it is entirely biographical. A certain W.S. being mentioned in this connection the interest becomes, to a certain kind of scholar, augmented a hundredfold. The best thing in the volume is a complete transcript of the proceedings of the inquiry held in 1594 to gather evidence of the atheism of Sir Walter Raleigh, who also turns out to be connected in some way or other with the virtuous *Avisa*.

Much more interesting is Miss Seaton's edition of the recently found manuscript of some poems of Phineas Fletcher. The longest of these, *Venus and Anchises*, is the same poem as the Pseudo-Spenserian *Brittain's Ida*, which had been on internal evidence ascribed to the author of *The Purple Island*. The text of the manuscript contains additional stanzas in the beginning, which make the attribution to Fletcher a practical certainty. But the most interesting item in the volume is a hitherto unpublished *Epithalamium*, a poem which must greatly add to the poet's reputation. It reveals in him a gift of lyrical movement that is not usually associated with his name, and must take a place of honour among the more purely sensuous, "Ovidian," achievements of the Elizabethans.

While Phineas Fletcher's place is on the highway that leads from Spenser (and from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*) to Milton, Robert Southwell stands in many ways outside the Elizabethan pale. There was no place for the ardent and heroic Jesuit Martyr in "the spacious days" he lived in. He was a true predecessor of the mystical poets of the following century—the first English poet of Post-Reformation Catholicism, and his poetry already displays that combination of intense spiritual heat with a concrete sensuousness that is characteristic of "baroque" religion. *The Book of Robert Southwell* includes his shorter poems only. The editor says that the longer *St. Peter's Complaint* "has not the spontaneous charm of the shorter poems, and the imagery and style are often too fantastic to please modern taste." But is Mrs. Hood so sure of her reading of "modern taste"? At any rate the stanzas she quotes from the complaint in the Introduction make one regret the absence of the whole.

Romanticism is decidedly becoming a subject as much written about in this country as it ever was in France. Both Mr. Abercrombie and Mr. Read treat it from the philosophical standpoint, not as a mere episode in literary history, but as one of the permanent types of the human mind. Mr. Abercrombie does not, as is usual, oppose Romanticism to Classicism, but to Realism. Romanticism, according to him, is concentration on inner experience, Realism—on outer experience. Both are "humours" that are contained in just proportion in Classicism which is "the health of Art." All this nomenclature, it will be seen, is of Mr. Abercrombie's own making and not in accordance with existing usage. As the type of the Romanticist he chooses no other than Empedocles, and regards his craving for a perfect world as the type of the Romantic mentality. But the perfection Empedocles, and all the Greeks were after was the perfection of *Reason*. Reason is, of course, of all things the one most entirely reducible to "inner experience" and its purest and most autonomous expression. So pure Mathematics has evidently to be accepted as the purest expression of Romanticism. Mr. Abercrombie does not go to that length, but he quotes the famous line of Empedocles on "the Sphere, a finisht Round rejoicing in its circular solitude" (which goes back to Parmenides and has often been quoted as the fullest expression of Rationalism) as characteristically Romantic, and regards the tendency of African art and of modern Cubism to reduce all outer things to geometrical pattern as a case of Romantic form. Though it is difficult to accept Mr. Abercrombie's thesis (or at any rate his terminology) the book is highly suggestive, and rich in brilliant and true things.

Mr. Read is an anti-Romanticist and a champion of the intellectual revival. He would like criticism to become less emotional and more scientific. He regards St. Thomas Aquinas as the greatest representative of European thought and professes an adoration for the leader of the French Thomists, M. Maritain. One is very interested to know the way Mr. Read conciliates St. Thomas (whose system was a consistent whole where qualitative Physics and Angelology were as indispensable constituent parts as logic) with modern, mathematical science. When on concreter ground, Mr. Read (especially in the essay on the Brontës) shows himself a genuine and subtle critic, but the whole book is written in an exasperatingly obscure manner, giving the impression that the principal things are left unsaid.

Mr. Gerald Bullett's book on modern English fiction makes no pretence of great profundity, or great originality. But it is good criticism and pleasant reading, and will serve as an excellent introduction for the ignorant but intelligent reader. The same cannot be said of Miss Drew's more voluminous attempt to judge contemporary novelists.

D. S. MIRSKY

BELLES-LETTRES

CONVERSATIONS WITH ANATOLE FRANCE. By NICHOLAS SÉGUR.
Translated by J. LEWIS MAY. Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

MAXIMS AND CONSIDERATIONS OF CHAMFORT. Translated and
edited by E. POWYS MATHERS. Golden Cockerel Press. (2 vols.) 30s.

IT OCCURS TO ME. By E. V. KNOX. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

A GLEAMING COHORT. By G. K. CHESTERTON. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

SMALL TALK AT WREYLAND. By CECIL TORR. Cambridge University
Press. 7s. 6d.

BOOKS continue to be written about Anatole France, one scarcely knows why. A falling fame will never be re-instated by the opinions of those with none and if a master of style cannot live by virtue of it, that of his biographers is little likely to help. It is indeed a pity that the conversations of "the greatest writer of our century" (*sic*) should have been recorded in the style of the worst of those of the last. Whether, this time, it is due to M. Ségur or his translator, it is hard to say, but since it is only charitable to suppose Mr. May (who has translated France himself excellently) to be in accord with his author, the fault must rest with M. Ségur for such sentences as :

Through formal alleys, peopled with statues, sweet with the haunting perfumes of a wistful autumn day, we bent our steps towards the Trianons,

phrases like "a profound melancholy was brooding over his countenance," "what time the clericals in a whirlwind of fury and excitement," "the skin had pathetically taken on the hue of antique ivory," and indeed the whole atmosphere of the book, of which "away back in 1905" is an example of its constant, successful attempt to produce a sentimental pathos.

This would not so much matter, it could be overlooked by admirers of France for the sake of one or two stories, were it not that the book sets out to present the real France, to disclose the true figure, libelled and belittled by "backstairs Boswells and their *histoires de valets de chambre*." This is a laudable ambition, but ambition is not enough, and this sympathetic portrait of a sorrowful sage, "knowing neither joy nor forgetfulness," "... in the world but not of it," is tedious and frequently degenerates into a joke. France saw too far, but never far enough. It is fine and courageous, no doubt, defying, on behalf of humanity, a deity that to you alone affords such constant irritation; but if you knock down your house, you must be prepared to live without walls. To shiver at finding yourself in the desert it was the purpose, strangely enough, of those walls to keep out, is neither godly nor manly, and France's life was not a tragedy but a purely personal misfortune. What are we able to see of a man of whom it can be said that :

he could read with understanding in the book of time and the long scroll of knowledge lay unfolded before him

and yet

was present in the flesh, but not in the spirit, at the great Human Comedy ?

It is only rarely that any plain statement is allowed to slip through, unsugared by M. Ségur; such as France's admission that "although they are devoid of any great

significance, my books do not deserve the large circulation they enjoy," or his story of Lemaître :

One day, when I took him to the Louvre, he laughed at the Venus de Milo. When a man dares to laugh at Eternal Beauty, there's nothing surprising in his laughing at Monsieur Renan.

But, in the main, it is pitiful to see upon what subjects and in what tones France chose to converse with M. Ségur ; one almost suspects him of making fun of him. How else can so brilliant a man, so bitter and far-seeing a man, a man with so comprehensive a view of the world, be found saying :

That, too, is what has made me weep, in the fullness of sorrow and despite myself and has taught me to look with love and respect on a little dog, my companion in error, a companion even more bewildered than I at this comedy of life which we play together, yet knowing, withal, not a word of what it is all about ?

To make, as M. Ségur chattily does, a modern writer say " to those about him, as Christ said to Mary Magdalen " (which He didn't), "What have I to do with thee?" is ridiculous, and the best indication of the lack of balance the book affords; in view of which a reference to William Morris—a man whose terror of death would accept no creed—as " the celebrated æsthete " is laughable : but one laughs in fury.

Nicolas de Chamfort, after failing to shoot himself, " cut his throat across several times with a razor ; and then tried to reach his heart with the same weapon ; finally he was in process of opening his veins when a groan escaped him. . . ." It is clear that a man capable both of such an end, and of the life that led up to it, had qualities of resolve and coolness beyond the common degree. These qualities marked his life and made him say at the time that he scorned those he scorned, and not after he had passed or fallen behind them. His comment, when he was interrupted during his suicide-cycle, was simply " You see what comes of being clumsy with one's hands," and that in its slightly sentimental restraint as well as in its ironic pluck is a much surer indication of what went to his writing than the facile *ce monde où il faut que le cœur se brise ou se bronze*. His *Maxims and Considerations* are unfinished, jottings and first-draft epigrams that were to have been the foundation of a bigger work. A repetitive tendency, had this occurred, might then have disappeared and a little more chiselling succeeded ; for though Chamfort was capable of saying, " When one has the lantern of Diogenes, one should carry his stick also," he also said, " Perhaps one should have experienced love in order to know friendship." But there will only be found too much in the two books by those who read them straight through ; picked up for a quarter of an hour at a time there is always something to please, by its elegance, its insight or its uncompromising, if not always honest, bitterness. The volumes are wisely and most ably edited by Mr. Powys Mathers, and to say that Chamfort often takes " ten lines to obscure a tale that would have shone brilliantly in two " is surely the model stricture on maxim-writers.

Mr. Knox's book comes after these defeated philosophers in much the same way that a choir-boy follows a bishop—gamesome, but complementary to his high seriousness or sententiousness. The things that have occurred to Mr. Knox are things that no man need be ashamed of finding his mind working on in leisure moments ; he has made the slighter universalities his own, and they are told with that air of distinction, that blend of shy wit and irony which he alone possesses so engagingly. What low-tide bather could desire more fitting expression, than this, of his feelings as he " pursues a reluctant sea half-way to France at about eleven-thirty " ? Proust alone could give it, but if with more soulfulness, with how much less brevity ! And at the end

Mr. Knox comprises it all into the remark, "Never at mid-day again. My French isn't good enough." The most delightful occurrence in this book is the suggested film-scenario for *Sea Fever*, with the hero at the telephone ordering a *tall* ship and contemptuously declining the offer of a compass, since all he wants to steer by is a star. The use of Mr. Drinkwater's *Mary Stuart* to prove who wrote Shakespeare is a delicious piece of wide-flung criticism and burlesque ; but all the subjects, on buying a small car, on being a bad correspondent, on *The Men Behind Things*, are treated as things that have happened to all, but been really observed only by "Evoc." The form his observation takes is to reply quietly, to a man telling him that the sea is a mile away by path, but three-quarters as the crow flies, that "I shall be using the path principally."

There may be those to whom that does not appeal ; such will only like Mr. Chesterton the better. If "Evoc" is too sly or subtle, "G. K." escapes (and misses) both these counts. Mr. Chesterton's humour is of a more boisterous order ; sometimes it is a little difficult to see what he is being boisterous about, but the reader does not mind that, for you either read Mr. Chesterton or you do not like him. *A Gleaming Cohort* contains all Mr. Chesterton's qualities of vigour, humbug-hitting and humour, as well as his habits of half-truths and childishness, and there is no doubt that *A Gleaming Cohort* will please as did its predecessors. It is, indeed, a selection from those predecessors and here are, among essays and articles, the Song of No Noses, and Book VI of the Ballad of the White Horse, as well as the Romance of Rhyme. It would have added to the book's value had the place from which the passages were taken been affixed at the end of each ; the reader would then have been able to see how Mr. Chesterton has developed, and would know that, when what seemed an essay about to get going, ended rather suddenly, it was because it was only an article.

The abridged edition of *Small Talk at Wreyland* is chosen from the three volumes published during 1918-23. It will be welcomed by all those who, admiring the small talk, wished to be able to read it more frequently and in more places than its three volumes made possible, and this new compactness should win for it many new readers, for it is a restful and invigorating book that brings in full aroma the habits and customs and thinking of other days before us. It is always good for those of the Future to have wise comment passed on by the others of that desperate trinity, the Past and Present : Mr. Torr's memory has enabled him, as it were, to call out to much that was passing through the door and extract a last anecdote and opinion from it. He was blessed with a long-lived father and grandfather, of whom the latter wrote copious letters, and Mr. Torr supplements this with much that has passed in his own time. His opinions are always honest, often shrewd and are written in a plain good English it is a relief to read. The result to the reader is a most vivid and continuous impression of events in three Devonshire lives which, like swallows in an evening sky, both bring out and gain from the rich serenity of their background.

ROBERT HERRING

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

GEORGE IV. By SHANE LESLIE. Benn. 12s. 6d.

JOSEPH CONRAD AS I KNEW HIM. By JESSIE CONRAD. Heinemann. 6s.

THE MEMOIRS OF SIR DAVID ERSKINE OF CARDROSS, K.C.V.O.
 Edited by MRS. STEUART ERSKINE. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d.

GEORGE WHALE. Edited by EDWARD CLODD, CLEMENT SHORTER and WINIFRED STEPHENS WHALE. Cape. 9s.

MR. SHANE LESLIE has found a subject for his rather freakish talent in whitewashing George IV. His apology is a spirited performance, if more entertaining than convincing. Its method recalls the old legal device of confession and avoidance, and as the book develops the avoidance becomes less and less perceptible. Thackeray's Essay is the first line of attack. Yet the picture it gives of the man is not far wrong. The charge that he was "as false to his mistress as to his wife," is hardly met by the suggestion that "this is the invariable fate of mistresses and the variable fate of wives"—and the audacious claim is made that:

Queen Caroline could complain of unkindness and brutality but not of conjugal falsity, for he gave her early notice that he never could or would love her and live with her again.

Falsity hardly ceases to be false because it is deliberate and avowed. The real point is never met, that George IV entered into a marriage for the sole purpose of getting his debts paid, and without the slightest intention of fulfilling, even outwardly, his part of the bargain. So with Mrs. Fitzherbert, her lover's "adoration" was anything but "chivalrous." He deserted her without a qualm directly his affection waned. That "he was true to her memory in death" is supported only by the fact that her miniature was found round his neck, but then he was a sentimentalist and as such had a mania for hoarding *gages d'amour*. There is a dreadful description in Greville of the drawers found full of soiled gloves, ribbons and faded flowers, saved in squalid remembrance. The best he can make of George's relations with women is that, though "changeable" he was "slow to change," and that "he clung with passion" to the lady of the moment. Mr. Leslie is wise to avoid any reference to the real cause of his rupture with Fox. The authority he gave to him to deny in the House of Commons his marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert was an act of meanness Fox never forgave.

Politically, the defence is not much sounder. No statesman who ever had dealings with George trusted him. Instability itself, as Prince of Wales he flirted with the Whigs, mainly to annoy George III, but threw them over at every opportunity. His views on Ireland were extremely liberal, but he abandoned them directly they threatened to come within the sphere of practical politics. It is true, that, sustained by curacoa, his Irish visit was a triumph, but he turned his back on O'Connell at the next levée, and gave that unhappy country only one more cause to distrust the sincerity of England.

"Was he a bad King?" If he did not "wreck the State," he undoubtedly imperilled the throne. It is true he was well served, but it was in spite of himself. In power, he discovered that Catholic Emancipation was inconsistent with his Coronation oath, and he became as reactionary as George III, without his honesty of purpose.

It is an odd theory that :

a drunken and dissolute sot could not have summoned Brighton out of the sands, rebuilt Windsor Castle and capitalised London among the capitals.

Even the expurgated Creevy tells us enough of the orgies at the Pavilion ; and with the Regent's wonderful constitution, nothing but gross excess could have killed him so soon. Yet it is true he had taste. The Regency was the last period with a style of its own. His favourite architect, Nash, gave us Regent Street which we have wantonly destroyed, and the restoration, by Wyatt, of Windsor Castle, left to his successors the first palace in Europe. He was a discriminating patron of art. Lawrence and Raeburn owed much to his favour, and he was largely instrumental in starting the National Gallery out of Angerstein's collection.

At heart George IV was a kindly, and a generous man on the rare occasions when self-indulgence did not obtrude. He was devoted to children and one of his great pleasures was giving them parties. His servants found him a considerate master. It was his loyal defence of Chifney, his jockey, that led to his retiring from the Turf. It is curious that his champion repeats the mistaken statement that as Prince of Wales he was warned off the Turf. There never was any suggestion that he was involved in his jockey's malpractices, and the Jockey Club petitioned him to reconsider his decision.

Even his bitterest critics could not deny him the charm of manner, which so often goes with extreme selfishness, and, whether a good king or bad, he looked the part. The charge of illiteracy is certainly refuted. That he should have admired Scott was only natural, but it required a real sense of literature to appreciate as he did the delicate art of Jane Austen, without which he held no Royal bedroom completely furnished. It was also greatly to his credit that in the age of a savage penal code, he did his best to mitigate the severity of its administration.

Perhaps the best case for him is in Princess Lieven's sketch :

George IV had some amiable qualities. Unquestionably he had some wit and great penetration. He quickly summed up persons and things. He was educated and had much tact, easy, animated, varied conversation, not at all pedantic. He adorned the subjects he touched, he knew how to listen, he was very polished. For my part I had never known a person like him, who was also affectionate, sympathetic and gallant, but he was full of vanity and could be flattered at will. Weary of all the joys of life, having only taste, not one true sentiment, he was hardly susceptible to attachment and never, I believe, sincerely inspired anyone with it. He was not a bad man, but was capable of bad actions. No one trusted him, none of his Ministers had confidence in him, nor could they respect his wishes, for it was easy to make him change them.

Joseph Conrad had little in common with the rather blatant publicity of the age. Of few writers of such achievement is so little known. His wife's little book gives a very interesting picture of his complex personality. The intimacy of its story needs no apology from one who shared his life and fortune for nearly thirty years. There is a foolish theory that geniuses should not marry. They are very often exactly the people who should. Your genius is bound to put so much of his life into his work, that outside it he is often sailing on uncharted seas, and a pilot is not misplaced. Conrad was no exception to this rule. The claim is no idle one that his wife's "constant care enabled him to produce so fine a volume of work to stand as a perpetual monument to his memory and a heritage to his sons."

His courtship was certainly original : he began

by announcing that he had not very long to live and no intention of having children, but that such as his life was he thought we might spend a few happy years together.

and then disappeared for three days. No wonder his future wife wondered whether he had repented of his choice, and her mother "did not quite see why he wished to get married," but he proved a devoted husband and a most affectionate father. At times he must have been trying. He had all the irritability of the literary temperament. He would write anywhere, except in the library—in later years on odd pieces of paper in remote corners of the garden. Once he took possession of the only bathroom and wrote steadily for a week. Then he emerged in a dressing gown and insisted on writing in the conservatory next to the drawing room, so a maid had to be posted as a scout to keep possible visitors away.

When he was finishing *Victory* he had been very erratic, and had taken his meals mostly alone for two or three weeks; the strain told on his wife and she had gone into the garden to rest. Suddenly his window was thrown open and with hoarse voice and dishevelled appearance the author cried out, "She's dead!" "Who?" was the agitated answer. "Why, Lena of course, and I have got the title—it's *Victory*," and the triumphant author threw away his cigarette and went to bed. The book should not be missed by anyone who wants to understand a very fascinating personality.

The Memoirs of Sir David Erskine of Cardross give a pleasantly-written unpretentious account of an interesting career which began in the Crimean War and left him as Sergeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons. His lot fell in rather troublous times. Almost at once he was faced by the necessity of preventing Bradlaugh from taking his seat; and the calculated disorder of the Irish party placed him often in an invidious position, yet, as Sir Henry Craik says in his graceful tribute:

By binding the members to him by the strongest ties of affection and regard Sir David Erskine did not merely contribute to the smoothness of life at Westminster, he was one of the best guardians of those precious traditions from which our parliamentary constitution derives much of its energy and the best part of its continuity.

All the friends of the late George Whale will welcome the small volume of appreciations from such varied sources as Mr. Clodd, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Birrell and others. It was curious that so gifted a man left so little behind him, but the various papers included will make all who read them realise the quality of his literary work; but a busy life as a successful solicitor and public man left him little leisure. Mr. Birrell discusses whether he would have been a success in the House of Commons. George Whale had certainly a most delightful gift of speech. At the many literary societies he adorned, and especially at the Johnson Club, he was always ready to stimulate discussion, and few speakers were so invariably successful.

CHARTRES BIRON

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD. By L. R. FARNELL. Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d.
JESUS THE NAZARENE : MYTH OR HISTORY ? By MAURICE GOGUEL. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d.

THE ORIGIN OF ISLAM IN ITS CHRISTIAN ENVIRONMENT. By R. BELL. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

THE PLATONIC TRADITION IN ENGLISH RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. By the Very Rev. W. R. INGE. Longmans. 4s. 6d.

ANGLO-CATHOLICISM. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL. By P. V. SMITH. S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.

I BELIEVE IN GOD AND IN EVOLUTION. By W. W. KEEN. Lippincott. \$1.25.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. By E. GILLIAT SMITH. Dent. 6s.

CRANMER AND THE REFORMATION. By C. H. SMYTH. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

THE GREYFRIARS OF CANTERBURY. By CHARLES COTTON. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

ESSAYS ON RELIGION. By A. CLUTTON-BROCK. Methuen. 6s.

IN the quarrel between philosophy and science, the philosophers have an advantage of which they do not, I think, take as much advantage as they might. It is open to them to consider the conclusions or the opinions of men of science in the light of philosophy, while scientists cannot with propriety examine material which is, by its constitution, removed from the limits of their survey. They can, of course, as do some of them, treat the whole world of philosophy as an illusion or a pretence ; and in this will gain the adherence of some philosophers in moods of despair or doubt ; but a philosophy which is true to itself must always be aware that, while it claims to judge all other forms of human knowledge, it is, in itself, not susceptible to judgment by any. This is often forgotten by scientific writers, and especially by scientific writers on religion and theology. It would not, perhaps, be fair to say that Dr. Frazer himself believes that his elaborate collections of facts and fancies are anything but material for philosophic judgment ; but many of his followers write as if they were. In his fascinating and lucid Gifford lectures Dr. Farnell is again and again guilty of this mistake. His lack of philosophic method, his apparent ignorance (or at least ignoring) of modern philosophic categories, make a great deal of his argumentative work useless for the student of theology. This is especially noticeable in those passages where Dr. Farnell ventures into the region of modern controversy. For instance, he quotes the saying ascribed to Jesus in the Fourth Gospel " the hour cometh when ye shall, neither at this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father . . . God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," as though it was necessarily a proclamation against any form of localised worship. Nothing, of course, can be rightly deduced from it except that worship at a particular shrine is useless, unless the worship is true and spiritual, and a prophecy that the end had come upon Jewish and Samaritan worship. Similarly Dr. Farnell's

remarks about the jealousy of God, about monotheism (he insists that Islam, that late Christian heresy, is more monotheistic than Christianity) and about mysticism betraying a prosaic mind are hardly touched at all by that imaginative truth which is the only guide to religious knowledge. His lectures are readable and written in an excellent style ; but had Dr. Farnell read and really understood such a book, say, as Rudolph Otto's *Das Heilige*, his own might have had a philosophic value which at present it most sadly lacks.

It was once said, in imitation of Coleridge's famous sentence on Swift, that W. R. Inge was *Anima Voltaireana habitans in sede Decani*. It is not fair, of course : Voltaire was, at the most, a deist, while the Dean of St. Paul's persuades himself, if rather against his better judgment, to remain a Christian. But he will not be a plain Christian. He abominates the herd ; and while the thought of the " strait gate " and the " narrow way " makes most Christian people unhappy, any grief which the Dean of St. Paul's feels appears to be alleviated by the compensating thought that Dr. Inge will not be crowded in heaven. His assurance that all Christian Platonists are sure to be saved would be a little more acceptable if it did not generally appear to be accompanied by such strong doubts about the fate of those to whom other forms of theology appeal. I have always counted myself a humble follower of the Platonism of St. John, of Plotinus and of the mystics ; but to read Dr. Inge is to make one sympathise with the Sicilian image-beater. In spite of his contention, in these rather superficial lectures, that Christian Platonism is a distinct " type of Christian thought and belief " which can be put beside Catholicism and Protestantism, Dr. Inge himself shows that this claim is unsubstantiated. Christian Platonism has been as common among Catholics as Protestants, and has not seldom, indeed, served as a bond between peoples of different religions, as is shown in the dealings of the Quakers with the Papists. Dr. Inge is a Platonist ; but he is a Protestant Platonist. He has all the Calvinist impatience at a church which is not arrogantly exclusive : his natural temper is to remove from communion the man whom he regards as superstitious or reactionary. It goes so far that, even in the fourth lecture, which deals with the progress of Platonism in England in the last hundred years, he omits to mention such noteworthy upholders of that tradition as Dean Church, Scott Holland, R. H. Benson and, most surprising of all, Newman amongst clerics and Christina Rossetti and Francis Thompson among the poets. In the larger part of this book Dr. Inge covers familiar ground, and there is little fresh in it to anyone familiar with his earlier writings : it appears as if he had been unable to spare time, from his " duties " as a journalist, properly to annotate and rewrite the lectures before their publication.

Poets, and Miss Kaye-Smith is a true poet, rarely make good controversialists ; and the only unsatisfactory part of her little exposition of Anglo-Catholicism is that which takes her into regions of controversy. For one thing, her history is not always accurate. In the brilliant opening of the chapter called *Looking Backward*, in which she shows Miss Austen's Highbury as it was in Miss Austen's day and as it is to-day, she records how the Oxford Movement and its successor influenced even the most Protestant churches. That is, of course, true : but it is not true to say that sixty years ago you could not find any churches, except those connected with the movement, with a weekly Eucharist and other frequent services. At Islington Daniel Wilson established a Mass at 8.0 on Sundays a hundred years ago ; and there were other parishes in England where the Evangelical revival was similarly active. Still the flaws in this excellent little book are slight, and its merits considerable. Miss Kaye-Smith is a philosopher as well as a poet, and has a generous sympathy with her opponents. She writes in a refreshingly non-professional way. An excellent example

of her method of exploration is to be found in the note on Magic—and a Mechanical Doctrine of the Sacraments. It has also a certain topical interest :

The word "magic" has been freely used in connection with the Church's sacramental system. But the whole essence of magic is that it consists in a power *over* things spiritual, obtained by the magician. This power is acquired in various ways, either by some act of propitiation, or by the use of a formula (which may partly account for the accusation, since some sort of formula or form is essential for the valid ministration of the Sacraments, though if the use of a formula necessarily involves magic, then both chemistry and cookery will have to be included in the magical arts). The power can be used as the magician wills, either for good or evil as the magic is white or black ; but it undoubtedly resides in the magician, and is completely under his control during the term of the contract. On the other hand, the whole essence of sacramental religion is that the minister of the Sacrament has no power of himself but is the instrument of the Spirit working through or by him.

It is a matter of permanent and supreme interest to all Christians whether we can or cannot trace the philosophic view of Christianity back to the Founder ; and the possibility of doing this, while it does not entirely depend on it, is very largely connected with the authorship of the Fourth Gospel. If the author of that Gospel, be he John or another, was a friend and a companion of Jesus, and if the sayings and discourses therein are substantially those of the historical Jesus, it is evident that the Christian Platonist can claim for his religion the directly-recorded authority of Our Lord. No one nowadays would uphold the old contention that the Fourth Gospel was not supplementary to the Synoptics. It was never a very respectable theory, is contradicted by the early testimony of Eusebius, and is obviously opposed to the facts. For myself I have no patience with those who argue that the Fourth Gospel was not written by a friend of Jesus, or at least based on notes made by a friend : and I would contend that no one sensitive to literary values would ever have propounded such a theory. It would never have been propounded except under the duress of theological prejudice. The evidence in favour of the authorship of John, son of Zebedee, is admittedly small, but it is traditional and has no serious rival. Dr. Smith, in his admirably lucid defence of the historicity of the Fourth Gospel, argues in favour of another John as author. The difficulties of this position, very popular at present (it is adopted by Dr. Stucke in his recent book on the Gospels), seems to me to be practical. Dr. Smith accepts, as do most upholders of the authorship of John the Elder, the identification, made in the final verse of the Gospel, of the author with the "beloved disciple." Now this disciple was certainly at the Last Supper, and in the most honourable place. If we admit that there were present at the Supper others beside the twelve—an hypothesis which has no evidence to support it—can we believe that the highest place would have been given to one not a member of the twelve ? Or that, if he were so admitted, none of the Evangelists would comment on or explain his presence ? Dr. Smith attempts to meet this argument ; but to my mind he does not succeed. His reference to Dr. Burney's argument on the contention about place as recorded in S. Luke is particularly unfortunate, considering that in S. Matthew the record distinctly states that this contention was occasioned by a request of the mother of James and John. There is, of course, nothing impossible in the presence at the Supper of those who were not apostles ; but I find it very difficult to believe that the presence of non-apostolic guests would be unnoticed by any of the Evangelists, or that, if they were present, they did not include Jesus' mother or brothers ; or, if there were another disciple so prominent as this John the Presbyter, he should never be mentioned at all, except in his own Gospel, not even in the Acts, especially in the first

chapter. Still, Dr. Smith's book, which is commendably brief and written with a complete absence of verbiage, deserves the attention of all students ; it is a notable addition to that growing body of scientific criticism in favour of the historical character of the Johannine Jesus.

Dr. Keen is one of the most distinguished doctors in the world ; three years ago he was president of the great Medical Congress at Paris, and is one of the few non-Frenchmen to be given a medical degree by the University of Paris. It seems to us strange that such a man should to-day have to spend his time in persuading his fellow-Christians that there is nothing incompatible between a belief in Christianity and in the theory of Evolution. So long, however, as so farcical a thing as the Dayton Trial is possible, it is natural that Americans must argue against a position long ago abandoned over here. Dr. Keen's book is brief, cogent, good-tempered and admirably tolerant. It has had a great success in America ; and it might be used over here, scarcely for its original purpose, but as evidence that a sound scientific knowledge is not opposed to Christianity.

Arthur Clutton-Brock's posthumous essays are rather sad reading. He was, essentially, a sceptic—not an intellectual sceptic, but doubtful of his grasp, and of the grasp of others, on the truths which, in his moments of faith, he “valued utterly and believed utterly with the whole of himself.” This strange timidity of the imagination, this temerarious hold on all that was most precious to him, seems to have sprung from a sense of oppression by the big things, the self-important things of the world. He never seems quite to have believed or understood the saying “Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world” ; nor to have been able to reconcile with his natural kindliness the truth that the Christian who is true to his faith is never promised popularity, or comfort, or the rewards of ambition, or anything but peace and safety. It is true that the possession of these, based on the search for the kingdom, will be followed by other blessings ; but Clutton-Brock almost appears to believe that the possession of other blessings is desirable without that vision which alone makes life beautiful. I do not know how otherwise to explain this startling sentence in *The Visionaries* :

The intense seriousness and industry of the successful men of the world irks us so, or that of a whole modern city, occupied with hand-to-mouth tasks as if they were eternal ; its threatening, inexpressive energy, or the remorseless accomplishment of art which has not that implication—these things distress us, even if we admire them.

It is inconceivable to me how Clutton-Brock, even in a moment of weariness, found anything “admirable” in the life of worldliness compared with the life of the spirit. I think, even in him, the lack of a controlled philosophy, of a simple theology makes him enormously overstress the importance of what he calls the “truth of fact,” and what I should deny is truth at all. He is disturbed by opinions and by lives of a kind which have no real importance, philosophically, not out of any low concurrence with public opinion, but because he at once overrates the imaginative intelligence of the average man and underrates that in him which, though inexpressive and infrequent, does correspond to the spirit in things which is the spirit of those eternal values that he so desperately desired.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS

WE have received a large batch of additions to Messrs. Benn's series of sixpenny poets. Amongst those newly added are Edward Shanks, Christina Rossetti, Walter de la Mare (without *Arabia* and *The Listeners*), Austin Dobson, Gilbert Murray (a good idea), Maurice Baring, Emily Brontë, M. Arnold, Emerson, Swinburne, Maurice Hewlett, and Edward Thomas, who is slowly creeping into his own. One or two volumes have appeared in the new list which indicate a slackening in standards: the whole thing will be made nugatory if the door is thrown too wide.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS have just added to the "World's Classics" (2s.) *The Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft*, concluded and edited by Hazlitt. The recollections of the stable-boy dramatist are amongst the raciest of their kind extant, and the enterprise of the Press may be commended.

AMONGST the novels of the late eighteenth century the most amusing is *The Spiritual Quixote*, by the Rev. Richard Graves, member of an illustrious family. This comic romance has now been reprinted (two vols: 36s.) by Peter Davies, with an introduction by Charles Whibley. The edition is limited to 700 copies and should be speedily exhausted.

THE woodcuts of Mr. D. P. Bliss are not unknown to readers of *THE LONDON MERCURY*. Those who like them will find some of his best in Messrs. Dent's edition of Johnson's *Rasselas* (10s. 6d.), a work the merits of which have been underrated simply because everybody knows that Johnson wrote it in a week to pay for his mother's funeral. The best parts of it resemble *Candide*—a fact which would scarcely be palatable to Johnson.

THE latest addition to Messrs. Chapman & Hall's beautiful series of XVIII Century French Romances (edited by Vyvyan Holland) is *Rameau's Nephew and Other Works*, translated by Mrs. Milford Jackson, with an introduction by Compton Mackenzie. *Le Neveu de Rameau* is the most modern of all eighteenth-century books. It is far too little known in England, although its author was the most English of Frenchmen; and the new edition deserves as much success on this count as it does by virtue of its admirable production.

THE third volume of the Nonesuch Bible (1,000 copies, 30s. per volume) needs no commendation to those who have seen its predecessors. This volume (Proverbs to Malachi) has, like its predecessors, a superb title page by Mr. Stephen Gooden, one of the greatest artists of our time; the print and paper are as before. This Bible, when complete, will be in great request. The Nonesuch Press has never let us down yet: our one suggestion to them is that they make even more extensive use of Mr. Gooden.

MESSRS. HARRAP have issued a fine large edition of *Tristram Shandy*, excellently printed and bound, at 25s. The edition is limited to 1,000 copies in Great Britain. We have never seen so tempting an edition of this book; except for the one fact that the coloured illustrations, of a type good enough for boys' adventure stories, are completely out of keeping.

THE BODLEY HEAD, which gave us *Squire Osbaldeston*, has now reprinted Nimrod's *Hunting Reminiscences* at 16s. The illustrations, in line, half-tone and colour, are exquisite, and the book will be enjoyed by all who are fit to enjoy it.

MESSRS. ERNEST BENN are issuing a series of cheap reprints of the works of Mr. H. G. Wells under the title of *The Essex Edition*. The volumes are small and well made, although a little larger type and less leading might have been desirable. Those already issued are *The History of Mr. Polly*, *Kipps*, *The Invisible Man*, *The New Machiavelli*, *The Food of Gods* and *The Stolen Bacillus*. The price per volume is 3s. 6d.